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Volume III. }

No. 2612. — July 28, 1894.

} From Beginning,
Vol. CCII. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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COMRADESHIP.

(SONNET.)

SADDEST of all sad things, that in the
stress
Of life's dark night—no guiding ray yet
known—

When heart cries loud to heart, the an-
guished tone

Dies unavailing ; howsoe'er we press
To raise the drooping head, hardly the
less

Must each be self-relying and alone ;
Must oft, though loving, hear the helpless
groan,

And know the loved one sinks in weari-
ness.

Yet through the darkness will I somehow
grope

Until my hand clasp thine, that thou
may'st so

Gather from me a little added hope

Of that bright promised morrow whereto
we go ;

May'st find in this some sustenance to
thee :

"Even as I wait and watch, so waits and
watches he."

Temple Bar.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS.

PERFUME of roses and warbling of birds,

Sweetest of sweet June days,

Kindliest glances and tenderest words,

Shadiest woodland ways ;

Murmuring brooklets and whispering trees,

Drowsiest song of the soft humming bees :

Hope, love, trust, peace,

And besides—

I and he, he and I.

Wintry winds rustling the fallen, dead
leaves,

Sullen and lowering the sky,

Creeping mists hiding sad earth as she
grieves,

Mourning for days gone by ;

Cataracts foaming 'neath bare, leafless
trees,

Chilly blasts sweeping o'er lone, barren
leas :

Heartache, doubts, tears,

And besides—

I alone, only I.

Temple Bar.

WHERE HUGLI FLOWS.

WHERE Hugli flows, her city's banks be-
side,

White domes and towers rise on a glitter-
ing plain,

The strong bright sailing-ships at anchor

ride,

Waiting to float their cargoes to the main,

Where Hugli flows.

Brown waters, treacherous currents whirl-
ing by ;

The painted fishing-boats speed to and fro,

Brown sails, brown sailors crimsoned curi-
ously,

Under the all-transfiguring sunset glow,

Where Hugli flows.

Where Hugli flows, our English eyes are
weary,

Our hearts are sometimes very far away ;

Needs must that exile should be long and

dreary,

How slow the hours, how lagging long the
day,

Where Hugli flows.

Yet, years hence, when the steamer's screw
shall beat

The homeward track, for us without re-
turn,

Our bitter bread, by custom, almost sweet,

We shall look back, perhaps through tears
that burn,

Where Hugli flows.

Temple Bar.

A. M. F.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE OUTCAST CHOIR-
BOY.

BREAK, break, break,

O voice, on my old top C !

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me !

O, well for the fishmonger's boy

That he shrieks his two notes above A !

O, well for the tailor's son

That he soars in the old, old way !

And the twelve-year chaps go on

Up the gamut steady and shrill ;

But, O, for the creak of a larynx cracked,

And a glottis that won't keep still !

Break, break, break,

O voice on my dear top C.

But the swell solo parts of a boyhood fled

They'll never give more to me !

Punch.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HANDEL: MAN AND MUSICIAN.

[Born 23rd February, 1685; died 14th April, 1759.]

HANDEL! It would be impossible to find a more popular name than this in the whole annals of music; nor could any composer be cited whose works have been so frequently performed, and which are so generally understood as those by this great son of Art. No harmonious strains have spread over the world so surely and unmistakably as have those of the composer of the "Messiah;" and, if it became necessary to instance a composition of importance which had done immeasurably more than any other towards making music's language known, the work which would unquestionably be named would be that masterpiece of choral art just mentioned. Handel, of all composers, is universal. His name is on everybody's tongue, and should there be a civilized being who has not heard it, it certainly cannot be contended that a person of culture exists who has not, at some time or another in a lifetime, listened to the matchless melody and harmony which this composer has created. What lasting impressions his music makes! Men admire the compositions of the great musicians, and esteem the makers; but there is vastly more in the case of Handel. He commands reverence from mankind, and were it not profane, men would bow the knee to his name. We gather from his music the grandest realizations of mental enjoyment, and once heard, it makes permanent impressions of the best and noblest kind. Handel is the giant theologian of music, the apostle and converter of the universe to the faith of sacred musical art. No other religious music is so bracing — none so convincing; so mighty indeed is its effect, that no man could long hear it, and if he were an unbeliever, remain one. That sublime, contemplative work, the "Messiah" oratorio, has probably done more to convince thousands of mankind that there is a God about us than all the theological works ever written. No wonder that when its grand "Halle-

lujah" was first heard, the audience rose to its feet out of sheer enthusiasm. A rapt attention, such as this oratorio commands, releases an audience exhausted; but this is only impression, not depression. No mortal can be lifted to the heights to which Handel's great genius will waft him, and not feel that he has undergone an experience. He has travelled to a region where only God-like geniuses tread the paths; where there is an atmosphere too supernal save to those born to it. Such a transition, such an experience, must exhaust the body; but with what bracing bands it belts the mind!

Handel was the son of a physician by a second wife. His birthplace was Halle, in Upper Saxony, where his father followed his profession, and where George Frederick, for so he was christened, lived his tender years. When this son was born the father was sixty-three years of age — quite a sober period of life — so that it is not surprising to find the parent designing him for so grave a calling as the law. He did not wish his son to suffer the discredit of becoming an artist, to enter a profession which it has been well said is sometimes more admired than honored, more extolled than rewarded. Handel was not born to be a lawyer. God had moulded him for a musician; and from his earliest years the child showed every aptitude for mastering the intricacies of chords and fugues, which promised badly for the unravelling of juridical complexities. This was insupportable to the father, who beheld with concern the early propensity of his son, and took every means to check the growing passion, banishing all that was musical from the house. Love found out the way, however; and the child-musician was discovered one night practising on an old clavichord which had been secreted in one of the garrets, some say by his loving mother. Poets and painters have familiarized us with the scene of the little fellow stealing some music, for his heart's delight, from the discarded, ramshackle instrument.

When young Handel went to such

extremities, he was unconsciously giving us the true key-note to his whole after-character. It was the first indication of that extraordinary resoluteness which was the most prominent feature of his character—a feature that marked his life, and which finally led to that great success which crowned the later years of his glorious, because it was an eminently difficult, career. This same resolution which distinguished his entire life—which enabled him to ride successfully over a stormy sea of troubles, such as only the few can navigate—brings us to the turning-point in Handel's life. When he was some seven years of age, his father had occasion to visit a son by a former wife who was valet to the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. Travelling in those days—two hundred years ago—was tedious and expensive, and Dr. Handel did not desire to be delayed with the care of an "infant" during a journey which the demands of a responsible profession would probably make as short as possible. But the future giant of music would go. He cried—bellowed,—probably as a sturdy young Saxon could,—and eventually ran along the road after the vehicle until the tender feelings of the doctor could refuse no longer. In an evil moment for his jurisprudence scheme he took the child with him.

No sooner did the little fellow reach the ducal residence than he gave rein to his fancy on the keys of every instrument that he found open. The remarkable music that came from the finger-tips of the child's hands was soon the object of wonder and conversation throughout the palace, and all this was intensified when he secured an opportunity of touching the keys of the chapel organ within the hearing of the duke. We know what a touch of genius is; most men are sensible enough of the fact when one look, one sentence, issues from a superior mind,—albeit the world is too ashamed of its normal mediocrity to be willing generally to attend to thuds of great awakening minds. Such a throb started from that chapel organ when little Handel's

tendrilled fingers chose the keys, and the soul of the duke was touched as it never had been touched before. Truly a momentous occurrence, since but for it Handel's sacred music might never have been written. Imagine the world to-day without the "Messiah"! The duke's attention having been arrested, he inquired of Dr. Handel concerning the child's future, and eventually succeeded in placing him for three years' study under Zachau, the organist of Halle cathedral. Liberal doses of Latin were stipulated for by the doctor, under the fond delusion that there might perhaps yet be time for statutes and processes, if so be the craze for crotchets and quavers could be eradicated. The boy swallowed Latin in liberal doses, but all was in an inverse ratio to any growing love for the law. What was only unmistakable was, that at the age of eleven years he was a prodigious performer on the clavichord and organ. His father dying, Handel migrated to Hamburg.

After a two or three years' residence in Hamburg—during which time Handel produced some minor operas; refused a neighboring organistship because he would not accept the condition of marrying the organist's daughter; and nearly lost his life in a duel with Mattheson, arising out of professional jealousy—he went to Italy. The Dominican father Atilio Ariosto, having met the boy Handel in the Prussian capital, had filled his mind with dreams of Italy's art atmosphere, and now he was honored with an invitation from the Prince of Tuscany, who had heard Handel's operas in Hamburg, and was much struck with their freshness and promise. As an acknowledgment Handel composed the opera of "Rodrigo," and produced it under the patronage of the Tuscan court at Florence (1706). If report speaks true, the mistress of the grand duke (John Gaston de Medicis) sang the principal part, and not content with that, conceived a passion for the handsome young man who had composed the opera. This visit to the land of melody proved an important point

in Handel's career. In the first place, it threw him early in life into an art atmosphere such as at home he could only imagine, and which could not but be of the greatest possible service to a future prolific composer—as, indeed, the greatest composers have always proved themselves. Secondly, it led him into opera, a branch of composition for which he was not designed, yet to which he devoted not merely many years of his life, but a fortune besides, contributing examples which would have made the fame of any ordinary musician. Further, his experience in this field of work was such that when he was eventually convinced that he was not destined for an operatic composer, he manfully accepted the situation, and settling down in England, never once turned his eyes towards Italy or dramatic art.

In 1709 Handel returned to Germany and became chapel-master to the elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. of Britain. In the course of events the elector's step-daughter became the pupil of Handel; then followed his appointment to the mastership of the chapel which Steffani had resigned; and with frequent operatic commissions presenting themselves, the young composer had before him a life of comparative ease and prosperity such as seldom falls to the lot of the musician. Handel, if he was no ordinary musician, was certainly no ordinary man. His great contemporary, Bach—and subsequent generations have adjudged Bach truly great—could build up his enormous fame amid the quiet surroundings of his Thuringian home, content with the society and esteem of such of his musical friends as sought him. Not so Handel. He was impressed with a mission; he must go out into the world, and breathe the uncontrolled air of a practical artist-life—with all its battlings, vicissitudes, and fortune—ill or otherwise. It was this desire for scope that had already led him to pay one or two visits to England about this time—1710 and 1712—permission for which was granted by the elector upon Handel's

promising to return within a reasonable date. The latter visit decided his fate so far as his future home was concerned; for what with the notice which Queen Anne had graciously accorded him, and the strong artistic air here, he felt he could no longer fall into the homely and dry daily life of a small German town. Italy was sickness to him—the narrow sphere of the Brunswick court boredom. The atmosphere that such an expansive mind needed, London alone could supply. Hence it was that, although it would cost him his bond, and win the sure displeasure of his kind and liberal patron, Handel resolved to make England his home. As all the world knows, he took up his residence in London, and remained there to the day of his death. The fact is, the place just suited him. There was plenty to do, and he was a veritable glutton for work.

Italian opera, which had been introduced into France under the auspices of Cardinal Mazarin at the instance of Richelieu, soon travelled to England, and Handel was particularly identified with its introduction. His first engagement was with Aaron Hill, the manager of the Haymarket Opera House. This was to compose music for "*Rinaldo*" for the winter season of 1710. From that time down to the year 1741, when he produced his last opera, "*Deidamia*," Handel was more or less occupied with dramatic musical art. He wrote some forty operas, and in the production of these alone went through an experience that would have killed any ordinary being. At first all was success. The cavatinas "*Caro sposa*" and "*Lascia ch' io pianga*" from "*Rinaldo*" were heard everywhere, and the music generally of this opera became so popular that Walsh, its publisher, made a thousand pounds by it. For four or five seasons matters went fairly smoothly; then came a lull, and for five years no more was heard of opera, until in 1720 a body of gentlemen conceived the project of forming a permanent Italian opera for London. £50,000, of which the king gave £1,000, was soon forthcoming, and

with this sum Handel — the best fitted man in England for the purpose — was urged upon the fitful sea of operatic management. The new establishment went by the strange name of the Royal Academy of Music, an absurd title, and the first step was thus taken towards disasters which have become historical in the story of Italian opera in England.

No sooner were the performances well started than two foreign composers, in the persons of Buononcini and Ariosti, were called in — a step which led to embroilments fatal to the undertaking in hand, and productive of harm to all save the disinterested onlooker. One of these was the Lancashire poet, Byrom, who wrote the epigram, erroneously attributed to Swift, about "Buononcini" and "nimny," "Handel" and "candle" — the best thing that has survived of the wretched feud "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." The rivalries of composers; the squabbles of foreign singers — with tempers quite the reverse of angelic; petty jealousies which weak management of an opera enterprise engenders — all this, coupled with the indifference of a tardy and fickle public, terminated as it alone could — namely, in the subversion of the whole undertaking. For many men this would have been sufficient. Not so Handel. He turned *impresario*, composing operas, superintending rehearsals — in short, accepting the whole direction of the intricate machinery involved in an operatic undertaking. He not only threw his whole physical energies into his scheme, but also put his fortune into it — some £10,000 which he had saved. It was all to no purpose; his heroic efforts were again and again frustrated and defeated. Worn out in mind and body, he had to strike his flag, and the last picture we have of Handel is that of a dejected man, palsied in the arm which had so often been raised for the benefit of rebellious singers, seeking to recover his lost health amid the bracing air and tonic waters of Tunbridge.

There is much that is pathetic in the sight of the fallen giant. There was no necessity for him to embark in such

a business, for he had a regular income, pensions, and opportunities for a comfortable independence. It is a condition of large minds, however, that they must have vent; and Handel thought nothing in the way of musical enterprises too big. He was not content to be music-maker, but was besides the speculator, the man of business, who could combine successfully the artistic as well as commercial aspects of the matter. Aware of his own prodigious fertility, he thought perhaps that the theatre would provide the one and only channel that could adequately meet the necessity he felt of pouring out the thoughts and fancies that crammed his brain. It was a real step, too, towards that autocracy in music which his active and sanguine disposition led him to think he could secure, together with a fortune. With such a Phaeton at the reins, the chariot was bound to go furiously at first. It did. Handel's opera speculation succeeded long enough to fascinate him with theatrical administration; and when the tide turned, as it inevitably must turn, Handel, like so many managers since, could not disenchant himself. After gambling, the next most exciting occupation is running an opera establishment, which many, forgetting that opera is ephemeral, as the few works which have kept the stage out of the thousands produced show, have discovered to their cost. What accelerated Handel's failure was a dispute with the directors concerning an engagement for Faustina, which he wished ratified, and his blank refusal to compose for or have any further dealings with the principal singer, Senesino, whom they desired to retain. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Handel took his defeat bravely, and learnt the lesson that his trade was neither that of a manager nor a composer of operas.

The great man was yet to rise phoenix-like. Recovering his health, he turned from secular to sacred art; and the thought continued to grow in him that a London audience would give ear to a religious musical work, especially during the Lent season which was

approaching. He knew his Bible well, and felt convinced that he had within him a musical vein which, applied to its words, would make its everlasting truths more deeply felt. No public had yet turned from his organ improvisations; the aristocracy had admired his anthems and other sacred music; what applause, too, the performances of "Esther" and "Deborah" had already excited! The recollection of all this swayed the master-mind, now in a contemplative mood. When men reach that period which Dante sings is "*Il mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*" — the mid passage of our life's career — the tendency is to become reflective, and to take a higher view of things. Handel was so affected. The wear and tear, disappointment and strifes of an unusually stormy artist career had been for him a stern probationship. He had been through the fire — but was to emerge from it strengthened and equipped for the greatest and grandest efforts that can mark a musical lifetime.

When George II.'s queen died (1737), Handel was selected to compose the funeral anthem — a sublime work which it has been well said is "alone among Protestant 'requiems,' and more solemnly spiritual than most Catholic ones." This work marks the turning-point in Handel's career. He is no longer a musical secularist, but a convert to the glorious cause of sacred music — a sphere of art in which he was destined to soar to the most exalted heights. If he could not please the aristocracy with his operas, there was yet a great middle class who might be disposed to give ear to his oratorios. "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," the "Messiah" (first performed in Dublin on Good Friday, 1742), "Samson," "Joseph," "Judas Maccabæus," "Joshua," "Susanna," "Solomon," and "Jephtha," were produced in quick succession — nay, with lightning-like rapidity, considering their colossal proportions. All of these Handel put before the British public. With what effect they must have struck the audiences who heard them for the first

time, in their first array of freshness — most of them now giving signs of immortality — can be best imagined by those who jealously attend the performances of this mighty master's works — performances which, for many years past, have happily been on a scale worthy of the composer and honorable to all concerned. The work of imbuing successive generations of Englishmen with Handel is equivalent to giving them the Bible — for no text, no preacher, no teacher could speak to the hearts of men and women more eloquently than the living harmonies of this profoundly great tone poet.

Nearly twenty years were spared to Handel after he ceased writing music for the stage, and it was during this time that he made the name that will ever entitle him to be balanced with Homer and Shakespeare. Besides composing, he was engaged in conducting, and when not conducting he superintended the performances of his oratorios. He frequently sat at the organ, on which he was an unrivalled performer, when, as a novelty, he introduced between the divisions of the oratorios a species of music of which he may be said to be the inventor — the organ *Concerto*. Some day, perhaps, a courageous conductor will revive so excellent a custom for the benefit of modern audiences. Like Milton, Handel became afflicted with blindness, and, during the last few years of his life, had to be led about. But he did not complain. His other faculties remained unimpaired; and though loss of sight came over him, he could, when led to the organ, "bring all heaven before his eyes." He improvised even more profoundly and grandly than ever. These were especially the times when he wept and trembled at the moving and awful nature of the subjects which his improvisations inspired. The public literally showered its applause upon him in his later years, and nothing could be more affecting than the sight of the venerable musician, being led forward to bow his acknowledgments to audiences which he could hear but could not see.

No wonder, when "Samson" was performed, and Beard, the tenor, sang with great feeling the words, —

Total eclipse — no sun, no moon,
All dark amid the blaze of noon,

the audience thought of the sightless musician, and shed tears.

Handel died in harness. The last act of his life was to attend a charitable performance of the "Messiah," at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 6th April. The last enemy had signalled him. A few hours of deepening exhaustion, and, full of years, — he was over seventy-four, — the grand musician rendered up his soul to him that gave it. This was on Good Friday, the 14th of April, 1759, the anniversary of the first performance of the "Messiah." Britain claimed the mortal remains, and found a grave for them in the transept of her great Abbey, where he sleeps in the company of poets, with the music of England's greatest musicians ever hovering around. Such are, briefly, the salient features of Handel's life.

Visits to the Valhalla of Britain have familiarized readers with the features of Handel, the man. Roubiliac's noble piece of sculpture, which Handel himself paid for — the last effort of a sculptor whose first great work was, singularly enough, a statue of Handel for Vauxhall Gardens —

A Handel breathing, though transformed to stone —

is an excellent presentment of the musician's comely presence, — fully confirmed by the oil-paintings by Denner and Hudson, and the miniature by Zincke. That roundness of period, suave grace, and solidity which marks his music, pertained not less decidedly to the man. He was portly, but well proportioned and firmly set, while nature had tarried over many details of his exterior. The exquisitely shaped ear in the monument is no flattering allusion of the sculptor's, but a truism to life; while the hands, so cunning yet so grand in their choice of harmony, — which had called forth amid the

wondering admiration of audiences the vast resources of many a king of instruments, —

Like bold Briareus with his hundred hands, —

were adorned with tapering fingers, which constant usage on the organ keys did more than preserve, despite a Dr. Quin's vulgar reference, in Handel's old age, that "his hands were feet, and his feet toes." His countenance was free, honest, and as open as space — one which commanded notice as showing true nobility of character; albeit, as with the earnest man always, the general look was somewhat heavy and sour. Yet the change! His smile was like heaven. "When he did smile," says Dr. Burney, "it was the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good-humor beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other." His eyes were indeed mirrors of the soul, adorned with shapely black brows and well set in a grand forehead, which latter, in his case, did "of wisdom deep declare the seat." Handel knew his own power, as every great man knows; and it is not surprising that he was thought to be proud, yet of a genial humor, and with a warm heart. Nor could such a noble intellect be else than earnest and thorough. Thus, when at work, he was often rough and peremptory — dealing out torrents of abuse "venting vos mixed," to understand which one required to be intimately acquainted with at least English, French, German, and Italian. Yet these rages were healthy outbursts of a great mind, — not morbid, jealous feelings. Such fits of wrath led to amusing scenes. How he thundered and roared at Cuzzoni when she refused to sing an air which he had written for her, and only did so from fear lest he should give effect to his threat to throw her out of the window! What a rating, too, he gave the poor Chester printer Janson, who assured Handel he could "sing at sight." "You schountrel! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite!" "Yes,

sir," said the affrighted chorister, "and so I can, but not at *first sight*!" Royalty was not spared, and although at Handel's time it was not the thing for patrons to be punctual, the irascible *maestro* demanded attention when they did come. If the maids of honor talked—as they did—he was very violent, and could be heard swearing at the offenders. Then the princess, with her accustomed benignity, used to say, "Hush! hush! Handel is in a passion"—a condition of mind which was only too clearly indicated by the perilous position of the big white wig which he wore.

Against all this may be set down a natural wit and good-humor which were constantly showing the real good-heartedness of the man. When Dr. Greene had left with him a new anthem for his opinion upon it, he told him that "it wanted air." "Air!" exclaimed its composer. "Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de vindow," replied Handel. When the "Messiah" was being performed in Dublin, Dubourg led the band, and one evening had a close to make *ad libitum*. Following the fashion, the violinist took his cadenza through the most extraneous keys, until Handel began to wonder when he would really come to the shake which was to terminate the long close. Eventually it came; whereupon Handel, to the merriment of the audience, exclaimed loud enough to be heard, "Velcome home, velcome home, Mr. Dubourg!" On one occasion a perturbed singer had some warm words with Handel, and wound up the wrangle by threatening to jump on the harpsichord which he played. "Oh," replied Handel, "let me know ven you vill do dat, and I vill advertise it, for I am sure dat more people vill come to see you jump than to hear you sing." When he heard the serpent for the first time, he was very much shocked by the harshness of the sound, and cried out, "Vat de tefel be dat?" "That is the newly invented instrument—the serpent"—somebody said. "Oh!" he replied, "de serbent, ay! But dat be not de serbent dat setuced Eve!"

The scolding which he gave the professors who wanted to hear the "Messiah," but had been indifferent to "Theodora," was not devoid of truth nor without the composer's usual pleasantry. There were many empty benches where "Theodora" was performed, and Handel would say to his consolors, "Never mind; de moosic vill soundt de petter." Disengaged professors would scarcely accept free admissions for it; and subsequently two of these gentlemen calling upon him for permits to hear the "Messiah," Handel bluntly expostulated, "Oh! your servant, mein Herren. You are tamnple tainty! You vouldt not go to 'Teodore;' dere vas room enough to tance dere when dat vas perform!"

Handel was blessed with a wondrous appetite, and many are the amusing accounts, true or otherwise, as to the means taken by its owner for its indulgence. His gastronomic propensities were frequently the object of satires, and in one caricature the composer is represented sitting on a beer-barrel. A ham and pair of fowls are attached to the pipes of an organ, a turbot lies upon a pile of books, and the floor of the apartment is strewn with oyster-shells. It is more likely that his adversaries invented and propagated many of the wild stories concerning his eating and drinking powers, than that they had any foundation in literal fact. No one would probably order a dinner for three persons, for instance, and because it was being kept back for the company to arrive, blurt out to the astonished waiter, "I am de gombany—pring up de tinner brestissimo." Nor, in the case of one so good-hearted and generous as Handel was, can much credence be placed upon the scandal that he was given to solitary indulgence—to satisfy which, when company was present, he would feign to have conceived a sudden musical inspiration, exclaiming, "Oh!—I have de tort!" repairing the while to an adjoining apartment, where one who had grown suspicious of these frequent interruptions discovered, by means of the key-hole, that the composer was discussing

unaided the merits of a superior bottle of Burgundy !

The Handel who chose to combine the trader, speculator, and man of business with the musician—who was bent upon converting his art into a means of making a fortune—was not likely to do else than drive hard bargains. Such was the case. The music publisher found him a tartar—a shrewd practical man of business, who wanted the lion's share, and often got it. Thus he died in affluence, despite all his theatrical failures and bankruptcy, together with his exceeding liberality. Charity was one of the brightest ornaments of his character. When on the brink of insolvency, he continued to give charitable performances ; and when he died worth £20,000, legacies were found for the Foundling Hospital, for the Society of Musicians, and for those with claims of affection and gratitude.

If he wept and trembled when he heard grand music, and was found sobbing while setting the words "He was despised and rejected of men ;" if we believe his servant's testimony, that when he used to bring him his chocolate in the morning, he often stood with silent astonishment to see his master's tears mix with the ink as he penned his divine notes,—all this was the outcome of no overworked, disordered mental condition, but the result of a veritable sympathy with, and profound belief in, his God and immortality. No irreligious man could have poured out such deep tones of sorrow or exultant joy as Handel has done in his oratorios ; no one could have entered so deeply into the matter of "the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ," and yet not have believed. The truth is, when he lived in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, he was a constant worshipper at the afternoon services at St. Georges, Hanover Square ; and nothing gave him greater pleasure than attending the services at the Foundling Chapel.

There can be no doubt that, despite his frequent outbursts of passion, he was a thoroughly religious man, who exercised a practical piety with hand

and heart through a long and sorely tried life. Not a breath of suspicion has ever been cast upon his moral character. His courage, energy, and endurance were marvellous. His whole life was one long battling with difficult conditions arising out of his own indefatigable industry, and from circumstances connected with his art. But, strong man of the earth as he was, he met his troubles and disappointments bravely, and in the spirit of the philosopher. He had chosen to enter the arena, and determined to keep it ; nor did he know what defeat was until within a few hours of his death, when, summoning Smith, an old friend, to his bedside, he bade him "Good-bye !" telling him they would "meet again," and then instructed the servant to let no one else see him, as he had "now done with the world." Perpetual strife, battlings with capricious singers, competition with rival composers, and the factions of parties bent on the entertainment of fools of quality—all this Handel met heroically. It hindered him, but it did not affect his ultimate success. It was a discipline which he seems to have understood, and the more rebuffs he received the more he put forth his giant energies. Because opera failed, and the nobility of the land yawned at his music, he did not give way ; he was not one of those feeble creatures who collapse when their summer of prosperity is gone,—on the contrary, he went to work again with greater vigor than ever. He showed his heels to the "upper ten," and, with an oratorio under his arm, made his obeisance to the great middle class. People who regard Handel as a martyr, and one to be pitied, make a mistake. He knew perfectly well how to take care of himself. He was never married—a loss which he appears to have counterbalanced by leading a very comfortable bachelor life. The demands of his profession kept him busy, and he was always surrounded by a few tried friends and faithful attendants, who forgot his occasional bursts of temper and uncouthness by the side of his accustomed cheerfulness, natural

pleasantry, and gratitude for the slightest attention. Kind, thoughtful, and generous to the last, his one great fault was a proud, obstinate temper, which never gave him the time to think of conciliating his enemies or of making an *amende propre*. Consequently, throughout his career, he was constantly offending somebody. On his death-bed he was reconciled to several old friends — whom he forgave, allowing their legacies to stand! He was an angry, strong, inspired man, with a nature apt to bubble over with righteous indignation at the slightest provocation. This is the worst that can be said of him.

The consideration of Handel as a musician provides a study as expansive as it is engrossing. It is no exaggeration to say that to thoroughly exhaust the matter — to produce example, draw parallels, furnish adequate data with contemporary and past criticism — would fill many volumes. Few musicians have been so many-sided, and so great in each department. Composer, organist, *kapellmeister* or bandmaster, conductor, teacher — he excelled in all; and to these parts he added the manager, *impresario*, and distinguished member of society.

In judging of Handel as a composer, indisputable facts force themselves upon us — his failure in opera and his success in oratorio writing. With the bare thought of him in the latter capacity, two impressive realities approach before us — his stupendousness and profoundness. Here he is over all composers, or, as Haydn exclaimed, "He is the father of us all." Beethoven, Bach, Spohr, Mozart, Haydn, and Mendelssohn have composed grand, glorious music; but Handel must ever remain their superior when the ethics of the matter are considered. This foremost place his oratorio music has secured him. Selecting the field of sacred choral art, which previous to his time was represented by Stradella's "John the Baptist," Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," with Carissimi's and Scarlatti's oratorios, and the compositions

of the early English Church musicians, Handel built up an art form of such magnitude that no composer durst enter the domain of sacred choral art save to be shadowed by the overpowering supremacy of the one — Handel. Majesty and energy — these are the prevailing properties of the great epics, by virtue of which Handel takes his place among the tone-art leaders, — a position which no age, no country, no future, can ever imperil. Apart from oratorios and operas, Handel wrote not a little instrumental music; but in whichever walk we look, there is always the same lofty style, strong, clear thought, decided expression, vigorous, active quality, which is, after all, the true reflection of himself.

In writing for the voice, especially in chorus, Handel has had few equals, and no superior. There is no more grateful music to sing than that of Handel; and the writer, as a student of singing, can specially speak of the tenor songs throughout his works. Handel would appear to have possessed a thorough technical acquaintance with the power and possibility of the voice. This he very probably acquired in Italy, since we know that he could sing, although his actual instructor is not mentioned. Certainly, he could never have written for the voice as he has done by sheer luck or intuition. The fate of the compositions of musicians — good, bad, and indifferent — who have proceeded on this insecure footing is happily known; but Handel's music can never be subjected to the charge of being unvocal. Quite otherwise. His knowledge of compass; his power of adapting the most difficult melodies to the varying range of the vocal register; his dexterous points of relief to the voice; his play upon its best parts — whether it be a soprano, contralto, tenor, or bass — in all this Handel has been surpassed by no composer of any period or country.

The rate at which he composed was prodigious. He could hardly commit his inspirations to paper fast enough, as the state of his scores attests,

"Rinaldo" was composed in twenty-one days; the "Messiah," the king of oratorios, was written in twenty-three days; the "Israel" occupied but twenty-seven days; "Joshua" was produced in less than a month. Marvellous productivity! Those who have examined Handel's scores are aware that they bear every trace of most hurried writing. The speed at which he composed has been proved by the sand upon the ink at the top as well as the bottom of the pages, showing that the page was wet throughout when subjected to sand for drying purposes. One has only to remember, too, the number and extent of his compositions to realize the almost superhuman work which he accomplished. Thirty-nine operas in three acts, twenty-one oratorios, anthems, cantatas, chamber-music, concertos, sonatas, *pièces d'occasion*, etc.,—in all, one hundred and twenty-two compositions,—is no small record for a man forced into the whirl of ceaseless social and professional turmoil.

As a performer on the organ and harpsichord he was unrivalled. It was a question as to this which led to the unfortunate squabble with Mattheson outside the Hamburg theatre, and which, but for a button on his coat, or, as some say, for a music score in his pocket, would have cost Handel his life at the sword's point. Scarlatti, when he was so much struck on hearing a stranger playing on the harpsichord at a masquerade at Venice, soon came to the point. "It is either the Saxon [of whom he had heard] or the devil," said the Italian *maestro*. On the organ Handel had no equal. His style of playing was one distinctly his own—a style that was marked by a vigorous touch of uncommon brilliancy and variety, with a happy blending of the manual and pedal resources of the instrument. His improvisations taxed the full powers of the organ, and covered seemingly the whole area of tonal reach, modulation and contrapuntal skill and learning. All this, and the grandeur of his thematic inspiration, left the listener to his organ-playing

spellbound. In Handel's day the organist played the organ part from the score, which had a figured bass line. With this line, and the assistance of such directions as *Organo*, *Senza organo*, *Organo pieno*, *Tasto solo*, *Unisono*, etc., he constructed the organ part there and then, according to his ability.

When not engaged with the opera, Handel had many other professional demands. He taught music in the palace and downwards. Musician-laureate that he proved, he was frequently the recipient of commands from the sovereign to compose music for important state occasions. When the Peace of Utrecht was proclaimed, for instance, a national thanksgiving service was performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, for which occasion Handel specially composed the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* music, whereupon Queen Anne settled upon him a pension of £200 a year—an amount that was doubled soon afterwards by George I. One potent patron was the Earl of Burlington, living in Burlington House, who set apart a suite of rooms for the young composer. It was under this roof, in fact, that Handel composed his opera "Amadigi." Then the magnificent Duke of Chandos attached Handel as chapel-master of the palace at Cannons, near Edgware. It was for the services here that Handel composed the superb series of "Chandos Anthems"—some twenty in number. Handel's organ-playing at the chapel became known far and wide, and on Sunday mornings the road to Edgware used to be crowded with fine gentlemen and still finer ladies in their equipages, all going to the duke's chapel to pray, and to hear "Mr. Handel" play the organ. The cathedral service was performed by a choir of voices and instruments superior at that time in number and excellence to anything of the kind in Europe.

Whether Handel added to his many parts the capacities of a Costa, Manns, or Barnby, has not transpired; for conducting in his day was not exactly what it now is—when the array of

singers and instrumentalists is frequently larger than the audiences used to be. It has never been decided with certainty whether it was Handel's usual custom to beat time with the *bâton*, or to conduct sitting at the harpsichord — that instrument being an important member of the orchestra in those days, and as late as the time of Rossini, who, among his other operatic reforms, banished it from the stage. Most probably Handel combined both methods, as circumstances required; but that the whole conduct and responsibility of the performance devolved upon him is gathered from the scene that took place upon one occasion between him and Carestini, who refused to sing "Verdi prati" in "Alcina" — that fine air being too trifling for him! Handel went for him. "You tog! don't I know better as yourself vat is best for you to zing? If you vill not zing all de zong vat I give you, I vill not pay you ein stiver."

As a plagiarist Handel claims special attention. Other men's musical ideas crowded upon his receptive mind as lavishly as did his own, and he seems to have turned them very largely to account. A later age, with a more scrutinizing eye and analytical craze than his own, has discovered that Handel has justly entitled himself to the reputation of being a musical pirate, as bold and barefaced as was ever abroad. He did not merely borrow ideas — he lifted whole movements *en bloc*! The customs of one age are often inexplicable to another, and no one nowadays could probably offer a solution to the problem which Handel supplies in this respect. Buononcini had to fly the country for passing off as his own a madrigal by Lotti; yet Handel seems to have been fortunate enough to have long escaped detection. One charge will suffice, although Erba, Stradella, Colonna, and others have all been laid under contribution. When in 1743 a grateful nation returned thanks for the battle of Dettingen, Handel provided a *Te Deum*, presumably of his own composition. It has been discovered, however, that the

composition is mainly the music of a *Te Deum* by Urio, who was a chapel-master in Venice in the seventeenth century. No less than nine movements in the "Dettingen *Te Deum*," and six in "Saul" are "cribs" of an amazing and audacious nature from Urio's work. What induced Handel to thus appropriate and palm off as his own other men's work, no one has discovered. It is a great blot on an otherwise honorable artistic career, and is the less excusable because it must have been even less trouble for him to write an original movement than to copy one. Small men have to descend, and do descend, to such unprincipled tactics; but the case is unexampled where a great composer has perpetrated such gross plagiarisms as are traceable to Handel. However, he imparted a certain Handelian flavor to all he stole, and barren composers will do well not to imitate his powers of appropriating, unless they are quite sure that they can do as much with the borrowings as the master has done. Where is the composer since Handel's day, too, who has not borrowed of him!

It is the fashion with many people to parade Handel as an English composer. This is a mistake. It is true that he spent fifty years of a long life here, but to the last he was a German. His musical style and training were acquired in Germany and Italy, and its most characteristic features are the solidity of the one country and the fluent grace of the other. His style was formed practically when he came to England in 1710; and although, when he resorted to oratorio composition in 1738, he profited by a long familiarity with British secular and sacred art, yet his music still stands far above anything in the English school. Let us be just. Handel belongs to Germany as surely as do Bach and Mendelssohn, and we have no real right to claim him. If his music is not German art, it certainly is not English, being altogether beyond us in power, depth, and magnitude. No one, save Bach, has ever equalled such tremendous choral music; only Mendelssohn has approached

either. Much of Handel's operatic music might be transferred—some of it really was—to his oratorios without the world being much the wiser; yet no one dreams of appropriating Handel as an Englishman for the sake of his operas. The truth is, Handel stands apart by himself. He is the Shakespeare and Homer of music; his compositions possess his distinct personality, and are well located when declared to be universal in their language—not for one age, but for all time.

Nature, ever kind and bounteous, gave Handel to the world shortly after the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. Europe had need then of intellectual giants. He proved a distinct figure in the lyric drama *dénoûment*, and the period covered by his work and influence is full of pregnant interest. That luxurious form of pleasure and amusement, opera, was, to use a familiar expression, just "coming in" here, and was disfigured by anomalies and puerilities which constituted the worst features of the early periods of Italian opera. When first introduced into this country, for instance, it was performed by a mixed company. Every man did what was right in his own eyes, and sang his part in his own language! The Italian *prima donna* and *primo uomo* sang their popular airs in their mother-tongue in Venice and Hamburg alike, and it was no concern to her or to him whether the rest of the opera was rendered in German or Bengalese. The orthodox number of *dramatis personæ* was six—three women and three men; and when sometimes a fourth male part was added, this *ultima parte* was allotted to the bass. Women sang men's parts, and that of the *prima donna* was taken by a male artificial soprano. Each singer had his or her *forte*. One could sing high, another low; one was famous in the bravura style, another in the cantabile. In one point only did they bear a striking resemblance—they all had whims and tempers which could never be satisfied; and one and all demanded to be

heard in the opera in a suitable air. Thus there was the *Aria Cantabile*, such as Signora Faustina used to sing with superlative success; the *Aria di Portamento*, like "Caro vieni a me," first sung by Signora Cuzzoni in Handel's "Ricardo Primo;" the *Aria di mezzo Carattere*, less pathetic than the *Aria Cantabile*, and less dignified than the *Aria di Portamento*; the *Aria Parlante*, like "Cuor di madre" in "Sosarme;" and finally, the *Aria di Bravura*, which contained passages with embellishments which would startle audiences nowadays. Each opera was divided into three acts, while every scene terminated with an air, and each of the *personaggi* was expected to sing one air at least in each of the acts. The most important airs were placed at the end of the first and second acts; then, in the second and third acts, came a grand *scena* for the hero and heroine, with the *aria di bravura*, to display the vocalist's power—followed by a grand duet; while in the third act, and usually terminating it, was the chorus, frequently accompanied by a dance. Trios, duets, or other concerted pieces were entirely absent—which is to be accounted for in the conceits and jealousies of singers, who would not consent to shine other than alone.

Much of all this Handel improved, yet it is not to be wondered at that he did not succeed with opera. No natural or consistent opera, as we understand it, was possible with those conditions. Nothing short of a revolution, and the arrival of materials which it was to take two generations to produce, would bring about a reasonable lyric drama; and the world was not yet ripe for such a production. Handel made advances. He set librettists, singers, and critics at defiance, and embellished "Adamisto" with an elaborate quartet; while in "Teseo" he changed the places of the airs, and did all that he dare in the way of innovations. But he could not take his generation on a decade; hence, so far as their success then, or their value now for representation, is concerned, the forty-two operas

which Handel left may as well never have been written. What might have been his success in opera, save for the unfortunate split with the nobility over Senesino, and the subsequent defection of his company, would be a fruitless speculation.

All Handel's operas are on the Italian model, as he knew it, and breathe the Italian spirit of their age—the Scarlatti period (1650–1725). Despite their failure to make or mend their composer's fortune, they are works in which the transcendent genius of Handel is apparent. The Italians were pleased with them, and affectionately sur-named the composer *Il caro Sassone*. He had so caught the national musical spirit, too, that they had no difficulty in persuading themselves that his music was quite their own. When Handel put "Rinaldo" upon the Haymarket stage in 1710, it was beyond all comparison the finest opera that had been produced in any country. It stands, then, something of a musical landmark whenever the progress of Italian opera is being considered. The score contains some of the finest music that Handel ever wrote. In "Rinaldo," as in his other operas, there are songs which of themselves might have ensured success for the operas, had the public been prepared for the new entertainment. But it was undecided. It preferred indifferent composers to Handel, and in the end looked upon him as an operatic incubus. From a dramatic-music point of view, Handel was out of joint with the times.

The suggestion that Handel's operas should be revived for the benefit of present-day audiences has more than once appeared in print. Let them be produced by all means if there is a public straining for a novelty, and willing to become onlookers at a resurrection of dry old bones and antiquated processes in a probationary period in the history of that combination of the two arts—music and drama—which we term opera. As novelties, they might interest a certain few who are always athirst for some new thing; but the average musical body of to-day

would go awry under a representation of a lyrical drama two hundred years old. Such a performance would not add to Handel's reputation, but detract from it. Opera then and now, though with the same aim, are widely differing art-forms. Progress marks opera as it does architecture or religious thought, and save for the purposes of comparison, there would be as little gain in reviving Handel's operas as would follow upon a reproduction of a Saxon dwelling or a Briton's hut. From "Rinaldo" to "Lohengrin" and "Falstaff" is a big skip, and it would be altogether unreasonable to seriously ask a British audience to face the leap. Operatic *matériel* and *ensemble* are now on a much more extensive scale than was the case in Handel's time, when even Gluck's many reforms and improvements had not been given to the world. To reproduce Handel's operas for the ordinary theatre-goer nowadays, managers would have to rehabilitate Handel in every direction. This could only be unsatisfactory, and it is to be hoped that no management will ever rescue the scores from the oblivion into which they, with a hundred thousand others, have deservedly passed. The argument that because Macready revived "Acis and Galatea" at Drury Lane successfully, the same result might be expected from a revival of Handel's operas, is unsound. The "Acis" is a singularly convenient score to render; and partaking as it does of the nature of a cantata, it is always welcome in the concert-room, without the aid of scenic effects. Operas without scenery or action, however, would be curious indeed, albeit not unprecedented. Every song that Handel has written in his operas might be brought to light with infinite advantages to singers, but no one probably would be much the better for the entire operas. They are valuable as marking a certain period in the development of opera; but it is an unwarrantable stretch of the critical faculty to promise that their performance would please modern audiences.

Respect for æsthetic truth and ar-

tistic principle was not the gospel of opera composers of Handel's day. The notion of judiciously developing the plot of the piece, and of making the story intelligible to the audience, gave place to a plan of song after song, to gratify the vanity of the singers. The airs were tacked together with wretched recitative, which served the double purpose of feebly carrying on the narrative and affording breathing-time for the elaborate vocal displays of the singers. Handel effected an improvement here. He had to play down to the singers, it is true; but he considerably curtailed their opportunities in his opera songs. He extended recitative, and gave it a scope and value such as it had never known. It was made the vehicle of much dramatic expression, and conveyed the narrative of the piece on a scale as grand as it was bold. For his services in this respect, Handel's name will always be associated with the advance and development of opera as a form.

Handel's importance in musical history, however, rests almost solely upon his sacred music. In this sphere of art he worked wonders, and carried the scope and possibilities of religious harmony to a reach far beyond anything that had gone before, yet which was, curiously enough, closely approached by an unknown contemporary in Bach. To make a grand musical epic in a walk of art quite opposite to the dramatic opera and stage production was, indeed, a change of front. This Handel essayed, and accomplished successfully enough to make his name immortal. It was an achievement which could only be effected by a master-mind, since its success depended not so much upon the inception of the idea—for the anthem of the English Church service had long before suggested that—as upon the power to launch favorably so vast a structure as the new narrative musical form—the classical oratorio—was to be. Only a consummate genius could have accomplished what Handel has done in his oratorios, taking into account especially the state of musical resources of the

period, and the disposition of the public mind respecting music. Bach was writing his Passion works while Handel was composing his oratorios; but one cast his compositions in the teeth of a fickle and none too friendly public, while Bach is hardly yet understood by people in general, and is certainly only appreciated by relatively a few musical workers, with time and inclination to study him. But Handel saw an opportunity, and with his quick perception and capacity for turning matters to account, he seized it; he felt conscious that he had within him the making of a great sacred lyrical form, which the public would be unable to resist. His long stay in Italy had familiarized him with the Church music of Palestrina, Carissimi, Scarlatti, Durante, Stradella, and Pergolesi; he remembered the Protestant Church song of his fatherland, and the writings of men like Luther, Schutz, Keiser, and Graun; but he was mainly influenced by the English Church musicians—a long list of whom, with the immortal Purcell at their head, had come and gone before Handel's day. Byrd, Bull, Blow, Pelham-Humphrey, Wise, Purcell, the native madrigal writers, Lock,—all preceded Handel, while musicians like Aldrich, Croft, Greene, Weldon, Boyce, and Arne were his contemporaries. Thus, while the impressionable Saxon master was in this country, there was plenty to attract his ear and win his fancy. That he was influenced by English sacred music was unquestionable. He stands greatly indebted to the cathedral composers for much of that dignity and nervous energy which marks his oratorio and religious music. England's greatest musician, Purcell—who had written operas, services, anthems, and orchestral works such as no other here had written before him—was Handel's great favorite, and from him he borrowed something of his inspiring ecclesiastical style. That originality and freshness, solidity and fervent grandeur, with theoretical learning and resource, which marks Purcell's music, may be traced in Handel. Honest man that he was, he did

not hesitate to admit his vast admiration for Purcell's genius ; and it is no discredit to him, because he had to put his oratorio music before the public, that he had the good sense and tact to select the medium of a style not only known to, but approved by it. A bankrupt through his opera schemes and failures, he was all averse to a repetition of his experience in launching his oratorios — hence his precaution to speak in a language understood of the people ; to be as English as possible ; to manifest the great power which he felt within him through the medium of a style peculiar to England, — to accomplish all which, he submitted to be influenced by his not unworthy forerunner, Purcell.

Carissimi (1604-1674) paved the way for oratorio, as seen in Handel. Polyphonic art and harmony made great headway at the instance of Carissimi. His "Jonah" and other *oratorii* are models upon which this form has grown and developed ; and no one who has studied such bold and vigorous work as the choruses in "Jonah" — notably that great double chorus, "And there was a mighty tempest" — will be without the conviction that Handel benefited largely by the example of these writings of a master born a hundred years before him. With such influencing elements given, however, Handel literally towers above all in the domain of sacred choral art.

The works among Handel's oratorios that stand out before others are, the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Judas Maccabæus," "Samson," "Jephtha," "Alexander's Feast," and the charming serenata, "Acis and Galatea." The "Messiah" is indisputably the most transcendent effort of Handel's genius, yet, strange to say, it was not immediately successful. Like the Divine Personality it depicts, it was ill received — at first. "A prophet is not without honor —" Handel took the work to Dublin, beyond the reach of English cabals. There its seal was set. The work has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, fostered the orphan, and enriched succeeding manna-

gers of oratorios more than any single production in this or any other country.

To enter upon a detailed critical analysis of Handel's writings, nay, even of the "Messiah" itself, would require much space. Each one must study the works for himself and herself. One is loath to pass on, however, without citing a few chief points of striking beauty and commanding interest. Take such choruses as "For unto us," "He trusted in God," "Lift up your heads," the "Hallelujah" and "Amen" in the "Messiah." These and such massive numbers as "He spake the word," "But the waters overwhelmed," "The people shall hear," and "Sing unto the Lord," from that wonderful descriptive work, the Jewish oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," help us to estimate Handel's power and erudition in a direction in which he is without a rival. That perfect fullness, that broad, flowing, majestic melody discernible in all the parts, that fine moulding of the harmony, that rich variety, color, and freshness — all this, and much more that stamps these colossal movements from Handel's oratorios, proves that his great *forte* was the chorus. His examples are the grandest, most powerful, most energetic combinations of vocal forces penned by musician. Bach has furnished some wonderful choruses in his "Passion" oratorios, but they are far from approaching the majestic, overpowering, well-defined masses of sound, generally in jubilant pitch, which Handel rolls forth. The sum of the matter is this — in the art of writing for bodies of voices, Handel excelled beyond everybody and everything.

Handel's songs are not equal to his choruses — especially his oratorio choruses. They are neither so emotional nor so forcible as the music in his recitatives and choruses ; but they are replete with grace and charm, and, while valuable to the singer for vocal purposes, they are not less so to the student of analysis, since they each provide bar after bar of the most exquisite examples of instrumental and

vocal blendings. Such gems from the oratorios as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Let the bright seraphim," "Love in her eyes," "Virtue my soul shall still embrace," — with its passage of seventy-three notes on the one syllable "great," — "O, ruddier than the cherry," and many more, are notable examples of Handel's song style; while, if we turn to his operas, songs like "Un disprezzato affetto," "Affanni del pensier," "Ombra cara," "Men fedele," and "Il mio cor" — in their opposite styles — convince us that, although to modern ears they lack a certain "warmth" that we have grown to expect in vocal solos, they would in other respects be hard to surpass. In few of his songs is Handel truly emotional or passionate, but they all abound in fine air, unsurpassed vocal passages, and a seemingly intentional limit of poetic expression, which combine to leave a perfectly satisfactory impression of loftiness. No other songs have the same Spartan vigor, or are so fine in their sheer strength of outline and beauty of figure. But passion and sentiment are lost in fitness and propriety. Handel's duets, trios, and quartets are like his songs — finely cast, exquisitely finished, spirited and beautiful — in short, sternly classic.

The instrumental music which Handel left included harpsichord lessons; concertos for different instruments; sonatas for two violins and a bass; the organ concertos; chamber music; and occasional pieces, like the "Water" music. All is in Handel's normal noble vein, and although the progress of instrumental events has driven much of it from the concert-room, it still has a place in the professor's study and the music-room of the *dilettante*. The organ concertos abound in excellent work for that instrument, which, in Handel's day, was not the vast structure it now is. The oboe, historically the oldest and musically the most important of the reed family, has a set of six concertos devoted to it, which abound in fine passages for that instrument. It, by the way, was in Handel's day almost the leading instrument — rivalling the

violin in the orchestra, which may account for the large number, in proportion to the strings, which were present at once in the orchestra. The twelve grand concertos, written for what was then regarded as a full orchestra — namely, strings, oboes, bassoons, and occasionally other wind instruments — are, too, as excellent as they are effective, considering their extent. The violin-sonatas and the harpsichord lessons are alike characteristic of the master, both in his wonderful originality and acquired learning.

The consideration of Handel's instrumental writings naturally leads to his orchestration. Here, he is still the giant. His was not an age when it was politic or possible to crowd into an orchestra the twenty or thirty varieties of instruments which Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and Wagner were permitted to introduce into their lengthy scores. It is true that nearly all the instruments of a complete orchestra were known, excepting the clarinet, which does not figure in Handel's scores, for the reason that it was not introduced into England until after Handel had ceased his earthly labors. The fashion was to score lightly; and although Handel had at his disposal as much classic orchestra material as had Beethoven, he rarely drew upon his full resources. Six or eight staves served for Handel, where a modern composer would want thirty, and take fifty if he could get them. Yet in this limited space he secured extraordinary result and effect, mainly by writing in real parts, and using alternately his string and wind instruments. He preferred treating his accompaniments as a sort of background, and the great proportion of his songs are accompanied only by a thorough-bass, the chords to which were supplied on the organ or harpsichord, though sometimes a contrast was effected by the introduction of a violin part. Handel's orchestral accompaniments included strings, oboes, bassoons, flutes, horns, trumpets, and the organ. With strings simply he accompanied "Lascia ch' io pianga" (Rinaldo), and "Angels ever bright and fair" (Jephtha), with won-

drous charm ; much effect was obtained with the oboes and bassoons in the duet "The Lord is a man of war ;" indeed, throughout all Handel's scores, the instrumentation is conspicuous for the constant change of light and shade, with ever-varying tints of color. He always seems guided by a desire to secure the effect he wished for with the least possible instrumental outlay ; nor did he allow any one instrumental combination to pall upon the ear. His instruments in the accompaniments of his overtures and choruses were strings, with oboes in unison supporting the violins, and bassoons strengthening the basses. He seldom used the flute, save as a solo instrument. Then he employed it charmingly. Most people are familiar with the vivid effect with the flutes in the "Dead March" (Saul), the flute accompaniment to "Hush, ye pretty warbling choirs," and the flute obligato in "O, ruddier than the cherry." The bassoon was a favorite instrument of Handel's, and has been notably employed in "Saul," "Alexander's Feast," and "Israel in Egypt." He was extremely partial to the trumpet, using three, and sometimes even four trumpets, as in "Rinaldo." He frequently strengthened his brass parts with two horns, and in "Saul" he added three trombones.

Handel must be pronounced a master in orchestration. With all his belief in his voices, solo or chorus, he was ever diligently seeking for new instrumental effects, whether purely orchestral or as vocal accompaniments. In the opera "Agrippina," he introduced French horns to the Italians, who had never heard them before, as accompaniments to the voice. His resources are always simple yet adequate ; as when we find him strengthening his string parts with oboes and bassoons, as in the "Jephtha" overture, or when enriching his harmony with oboes, as he often does throughout "Acis and Galatea." A really striking feature in Handel's instrumental structures is their stability. He always adopted the principle of trusting to his "strings," making such accompaniments complete

and thorough-going in themselves ere adding other instruments.

The "additional accompaniments" quarrel promised never to come to a peaceful settlement. Whilst half the world viewed with horror the irreverence of adding to the master—likening such vandalism to a touching up of Raphael—the other half praised the practice, as being the only means of keeping the old musical gentleman alive. It is as singular as it is seasonable that one of the most remarkable of musical discoveries should recently have been made. This "find" is a no less valuable one than the original instrumental parts of the "Messiah," which will settle definitely the long dispute as to additional accompaniments to Handel. These instrumental "parts" have been found in an old cupboard at the back of the organ of the Foundling Hospital. They provide orchestral accompaniments for oboes, bassoons, trumpets, and drums—of which, so far as the oboes and bassoons are concerned, not a trace can be found in the accepted scores of Handel's *chef-d'œuvre* ! The discovery demolishes the contention that the scores needed no additions. It is too late to expect the instrumental parts at the Handel Festival this month, but now that they are found, it is to be hoped that as soon as possible they will be submitted to the public. Lovers of Handel's music will await with interest, too, a comparative analysis by some capable musician of these parts with the "additional accompaniments" which Mozart, Franz, and others have written for the "Messiah." The result of this fresh evidence is to throw much light on Handel's intentions as regards the "Messiah." Oboes are found in all the choruses, and in none of the airs ; bassoons are used throughout all the choruses of the second and third parts, where they invariably double the basses of the orchestra ; and as horn parts are absent, Handel only employed the horns, probably, to double the trumpets in the lower octave. The discovery of the instrumental parts shows, too, that the modern plan of

performing the "Messiah" with a large chorus and a comparatively small orchestra is a ridiculous caricature of the composer's intention. One point that has long troubled authorities upon Handel's orchestration is also cleared up—namely, whether in the numerous instances where the master uses violins in unison, and basses as an accompaniment to his songs, the violas doubled the basses, or were silent. The discovered "parts" say that this was not so. In songs accompanied, as are "Rejoice greatly," "But thou didst not leave," or "I know that my Redeemer liveth," there are no viola parts. What a victory for the believers in "additions" to Handel! We are hardly at one with Mr. Prout, however, when he feels "justified in assuming that oboes and bassoons are to be added to the other scores [of Handel] in the same way, even where they are not prescribed."¹ Let us first hear the "Messiah" in its original "old clothes," and judge.

For the secret of Handel's success we can go to the "Messiah." Its libretto is based on the identical words of the Bible, and is not a chain of rhymed nonsense pitched in a sanctimonious key. The vital feature of Handel's oratorios is the happy combination of what is grand, poetic, and passionate; these three qualities are there. What could be grander than that noble strain, "Comfort ye," preparing the listener for the great unfolding narrative that is to follow? What is more poetic than that beautiful scene, portrayed in the words "There were shepherds," and ending with the burst of the heavenly host, "Glory to God"? Or what more passionate than all the beautiful music, "Thy rebuke," "Behold, and see!" "He was cut off," concluding with that chaste air "But Thou didst not leave"? Handel was unequal in his work, and the "Messiah" shows traces of this palpably. His compositions were not the result of reflection and mental elaboration, but were put together with sur-

prising rapidity. He had a great gift of dashing down inspirations as suddenly as they were grand. Circumstances compelled him to be always at work; and if one oratorio failed, he wrote another. It is little wonder that the various numbers in any one of his works do not all reach the same high level. There was correcting, but little retouching with him; and if pressed for a song or other number, he went to his scores or those of other composers and served his purpose *sans cérémonie*. Then he riveted the whole together with wondrous skill and workmanship. The emotional element is not so marked in the "Messiah" as in "Israel in Egypt." This great descriptive tone-painting is full of the most realistic effects brought about by music's aid, and all the more remarkable when we consider the slender materials with which the master preferred to work, and the state of the emotional in music in Handel's day.

The test of time is the best of all tests. This Handel's music has stood. His harpsichord lessons provide pleasure and profit to the student of the key-board; his songs afford the vocalist the best examples at his command, whether for study or public singing, despite the charge of Germans that they are antiquated, only *solfeggi*, and mere Italian "sing-song"; his orchestration is always a subject of admiration to the student and profound theorist alike; his vast fugal conceptions continue to afford practice and ever new delights to the thousands of choral bodies in this country and abroad; and, finally, the great British public—the patrician and plebeian, the washed and the unwashed, the cultured and the ignorant—flock to hear him, with ever-growing regularity and delight. No musician could have more.

Handel's influence has been, and is, immense—especially upon English art. It may be set down with safety that every composer, whether master-musician or mere music-maker, is under obligation to him. Beethoven was, and all beneath him are also. Handel set a

¹ The *Monthly Musical Record*, April 1, 1894, p. 75.

splendid key-note for the future music of England when he moulded his clean, pure, lofty harmonies ; and, since he has been assiduously studied and borrowed, his influence has been, and is, ever spreading. Not a bar that he has written can act else than beneficially, whenever and wherever produced ; so that the blessings from such a source must be rich indeed. The good that Handel has effected can never be adequately estimated.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

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THE DEAN OF KILLERINE.

BY THE ABBE PREVOST.

1765.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

PART TWELFTH.

ON arriving at the Benedictine monastery, on the banks of the Loire, I heard at the gate that Patrick had presented himself to the superior under a false name. He did not, however, disguise his nationality or his birth ; he had owned to the superior that unusual misfortunes had made him wish for solitude, and he begged that they would ask no more. In return he promised to make no trouble in the community. After his board had been agreed upon, he asked for the most secluded room in the convent. It opened on a thick wood which seemed appropriate to indulgence in melancholy. He sent for a few books, made the superior promise that no one should intrude upon his solitude unless he asked for company, and then shut himself in his room with his *valet de chambre*.

Of course such an arrival made much talk in the community. Every one was anxious to know what I had to say. I asked for the superior. The porter made difficulties, seeming to consider me only a curious visitor. I drew him aside, concealing my unfortunate face as much as possible lest some one observing me might report to Patrick, that an ecclesiastic with

strange deformities had been making enquiries about him.

I was very far from displeased by what the porter told me. Instead of opposing my brother's retreat, I thought it seemed far the best way of recovering his peace of mind, and I did not wish him to know that I had found him, much less did I wish to disturb his first days of solitude by renewing his excitement. I was, however, glad to make the acquaintance of the superior, through whom I hoped to receive news of the recluse's health from time to time. I did not, however, tell him my relation to his guest, nor the name of our family, but in speaking of Patrick, I said everything that might recommend him to the esteem and interest of the community, and was glad to hear from the superior that from the first he had made a most favorable impression.

Much relieved by all I heard, I went back at once to Orleans on my way to Paris, and Saint Germain. I was thinking much of Sara Fincer, nothing of Dona Figuerrez, when, on reaching the Quay at Orleans, who should I see but that lady attended by her servants. She hailed me from a distance with great joy. My first thought was to bribe the boatmen to keep silence. I had engaged them the moment they returned from their expedition with Patrick, and therefore they had not had time to gossip with others. I promised them double pay if they told no one for two days where they had taken me or the other gentleman, and, to make sure of them, I sent them to my lodgings under Joe's care, to wait there for their money.

Seeing it would be impossible to avoid Dona Figuerrez I drew near her, when she began with joking reproaches for the way I had deserted her, and then asked me in the same tone, where I had left my brother ? I saw no escape from telling a direct lie, but to be harsh and rough with her. I told her that that question was useless. She seemed offended, and then, emboldened by my first essay in rudeness, I went on to reproach her so sharply for

the bold-faced indelicacy of her behavior, that she burst into tears. Thereupon one of her men took upon himself to speak to me in a tone very unusual in a servant, and seemed only to await a sign from his mistress to follow up his insolence with blows. Dona Figuerrez, however, bade him be silent, and threatened to have him punished for his want of respect to an ecclesiastic.

I should have said nothing about this incident had it not been that it taught me a lesson that I hope I shall remember to the end of my life. Though I made haste to leave the place where I had been near suffering personal violence, I could not but feel grateful to Dona Figuerrez for the kindness and forgiveness she had shown. Can the world's maxims of good breeding and politeness produce, I asked myself, more regard for the proprieties of social intercourse than the principles of Christian charity to which I have been devoted all my life? This led to the thought that perhaps I had narrowed the limits of Christian charity; and further reflection made me think that that charity includes all the petty duties of politeness. Thence I concluded that the aim of Christian charity being the good of others, — joined to an especial consideration for the weak, — and women being, for many reasons, the weaker sex, — charity gives them an especial claim to what we call politeness, and is violated when they do not in that respect, receive their due.

In the fervor inspired by these thoughts I should have gone back to make my apologies to Dona Figuerrez, had I not been a little afraid of her servant, and still more of her questioning me as to the whereabouts of my brother's retreat. She was certainly a charming woman, but for that very reason she was dangerous.

On my way to Saint Germain I studied carefully the notes and instructions left for me with the treaty by Patrick, and they were so well drawn up that I was able to answer all the questions of the king, and to give him much inter-

esting information. His Majesty, after a long conversation with me in his cabinet, was pleased to speak warmly of the satisfaction the services of our family had given him. He seemed touched, too, by what I told him of Patrick's grief for the loss of his young wife, which was the reason I gave him for his retirement into a monastery.

Though I had written from Madrid both to the count and countess, and to Sara Fincer that we were about to start for Paris, I said nothing of our route, fearing lest Sara should insist on coming to meet us. I found her, however, living quietly in the count's house, occupied, as usual, with reading and embroidery.

As soon as I arrived the news spread through the household, and they all assembled round me. They were not surprised to see me unaccompanied by Patrick. He had not been on the best of terms with the count and his sister when he left for Spain, and it was thought natural he should avoid the house, knowing it to be the asylum of Sara Fincer.

Sara was eager enough to hear all I had to tell her, and, when I could speak to her apart, wanted to know everything all at once. I could not help mentioning Dona Figuerrez, and that lady's intimacy with Patrick alarmed her. I told her where he was, — in a Benedictine monastery on the Loire, but I told her I should tell no one else. I saw how eagerly she hoped that I might tell her something favorable to her wishes, but at last, losing that hope, she burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Ah! dear dean, I see you never thought of all I besought you to say to him on my behalf. You never remembered his unhappy wife, or else you spoke of her in vain." I replied gently that I could not have spoken with propriety in her favor until Patrick knew of his wife's death, and that from the moment he did so I had not even seen him. Then she told me that she was being persecuted by the attentions of Lord Tenermill, who, not imagining she could retain the smallest love for Patrick, was always

asking her when she would marry him. He had returned from Ireland, and was living in the house of Count S——, not wishing to inhabit his own, as he was to leave Paris in a month or six weeks, and return to Ireland.

I had had considerable experience in love affairs of late, but the passion professed by Tenermill for Sara did not seem to accord with what I knew of his character. I said so to Sara. She replied that she thought so too. His love-making had not the tenderness that she had remarked (she said this with a blush) in other lovers. "But he is not the less persistent, and I think he is courting me from some other motive than love," she said.

At this moment Lord Tenermill himself interrupted our conversation. The tone he took towards Sara confirmed what she had told me. He reproached her for not making him a happy man; he asked me to bear witness that he had long loved her. Then he protested, with many military oaths, that during his late service in Ireland his passion had grown apace. I own that having only seen love evinced by the respectful tenderness of Patrick, Count S——, and poor Des Pesses, his cavalier way of conducting a courtship was quite new to me.

However, I was not left to wonder long. He quitted Sara's room when I left it, and spoke to me of his design of marrying her with great eagerness, telling me that he asked my aid to further a project most advantageous for himself and most glorious for our family. He had been able, he said, to do good service for the king when in Ireland. On his return that monarch had honored him with many expressions of gratitude, and told him that if he could marry a rich woman, so as to meet the expenses of his rank, he would make him a duke.

"Now look here," he said, "you know how long I have been really attached to Sara; you know how large her fortune is; judge if I have not every reason to press on her the offer of my hand. I must not tell her of the king's promise, which would make her

a duchess, but I mention it to you in confidence, as a motive to urge you to persuade her to give her consent." Now all was clear to me. Now I perceived that Patrick's success, if he ever returned to his allegiance to Sara, would surely bring on him the hatred of his brother, therefore I replied eagerly to Lord Tenermill, congratulating him cordially on the favor of the king, and saying that if Sara had a taste for grandeur, she would no doubt respond to his attachment; also that while I would not betray the king's secret, I would take care to let her know that great honors would follow her acceptance of his hand. He appeared satisfied with this promise, whilst I was sure that Sara would be glad to know that Tenermill's chief motive for persistence in his suit was not love but ambition.

She constantly besought me to make a journey to Orleans; to visit the monastery; to see Patrick; to speak to him in her behalf. I too was anxious to learn something about him. I had told the others that I left him sick upon the road, and I fancy they were rather surprised that I did not go back and look after him. However, I did not mention my journey till I was about to set forth, fearing that Tenermill or Count S—— would ask leave to accompany me.

I only took Joe with me, and before visiting the monastery sent him to make some enquiries. He brought me ill news. Patrick had already asked the superior to receive him amongst the number of monks, but that good man was not disposed to give his consent in such a hurry. He had perceived that Patrick was a man of political importance, and feared to bring his community into trouble by too readily withdrawing him from the great world; besides, he mistrusted a resolution of self-sacrifice taken in a moment of excited feeling.

I could well understand how great must have been the commotion in Patrick's heart to make him think of renouncing the world in which his prospects were so excellent. He had

always had great respect for religion, but often and often I had heard him disapprove of especial acts of fervency and self-devotion. Often had I been obliged to argue with him in favor of the religious orders, for which he had a strong aversion. He must, I thought, be like a madman who wants to jump over a precipice, or plunge a poniard into his heart.

I went to the abbey with little hope that I could do anything to further Sara's views. But the monks told me that they were sure I could not see him whom they called their hermit; however, on my pleading that I must speak with him on important business, the superior concluded to ask him if he would see an Irish ecclesiastic, which was all the name I gave them. He brought word that I might go in.

As soon as Patrick saw me, he exclaimed: "Ah, it is you! I thought so when the superior told me who wanted to see me. How did you find me out? I thought I had hidden myself from the eyes of all men. But you do not come at an ill time," he added. "You find me in a state of mind that accords, no doubt, with your own views."

I looked at him, and marvelled at the change that had taken place in his appearance in so short a time. Everything around him, too, seemed calculated to foster melancholy. The hangings in the room were purple, which absorbed the light; a few chairs stood about littered with his books and other things; the windows were not open; blinds kept out the sunlight; the silence of the place was such that the very winds and birds appeared to make no sound. I felt the influence of its dreariness. I sat down with a sigh, and waited until Patrick should open the conversation.

At last he said, in a tone that expressed more of his old love for me than his deep sorrow: "However you may have succeeded in finding me, I am glad of your visit. I see you pity me. But you must not imagine that it is grief for the loss of an unworthy wife that is now my torment. A sense

of wounded honor, and my just resentment have effaced *that* from my heart. I have no love left for one who cruelly betrayed me. I detest her memory. And when you saw me overcome in the first moments of my grief, it was shame for the disgrace brought on my name and family, rather than sorrow for my loss that overwhelmed me. By retiring from the world I hoped to escape your eyes, and those of everybody. I could not bear that friends, loving and virtuous, who possibly foresaw what might take place when they opposed my fatal marriage, should have come to triumph over me. But alas!" he added, interrupting his confession, "you must own that if I was betrayed it was by one whose apparent grace and goodness might have deceived the very wisest amongst men! It was a deep sense of disgrace and dread of ridicule which brought me here at first, but since I have been here I have reasoned with myself, and have come to the conclusion that only social prejudice can make a good man's honor depend upon the conduct of his wife, or the results of his marriage; and having convinced myself of this I might have quitted this retreat, and resumed my place in the world. But here I must confess to you a weakness in my character that you may never have suspected; and I think you may have been sent to me by Heaven in this my hour of need to be my guide."

I was so charmed to hear this, that I could not refrain from embracing him, but he drew back, and, looking earnestly at me, said: "What makes you glad to hear that other griefs devour me?" I dropped back into my chair, and waited till he told me more.

"I do not know," he said, "how men in general are made, but if there are any who can be quite happy with only the ordinary occupations of life, and the blessings bestowed on them by fortune, I congratulate them. Such is not my case. I never cared for pleasures or amusement. I thought this one of my defects. But the brief happiness I enjoyed during the short weeks of my love and marriage con-

vinced me that love alone can make me happy ; and I pity those whose hearts are not open to its influence. All at once I lost my happiness, and the loss is the more terrible because, if one who seemed so perfect could betray me, where can I ever find another wife in whom I could confide ? Thus, not only have I lost happiness but hope. I can trust no woman. Without love I must be miserable. Therefore I wish to renounce the world, and find consolation in the service of religion. The superior has not yet granted my petition. I trust to you to influence him. My desire is one that I know must be conformable to your views."

He here got up and walked about his room, as if relieved from some oppressive burthen. I did not answer him at once, and he resumed : " Perhaps I ought to tell you of a thing that has happened to me in the last few days. Dona Figuerrez, in some way, has found out my retreat. I received a letter from her, — a very touching letter, — offering me honors and fortune, through her uncle's influence, if I will marry her. But, though I know her to be very charming, I doubt if she has the qualities that would make me trust my happiness again to any woman. I might desire her for a most delightful friend — not for a wife. If I loved her I could never trust her. I sent her a reply which, while it declined her offer, expressed the utmost gratitude and esteem."

This news made me somewhat change the answer I was going to make. Dona Figuerrez was no longer an obstacle in Sara's way. Nor could I think Patrick's desire for a monk's or hermit's life had any foundation whatever in his character. Indeed, it seemed to me to be the very last thing to suit a man of his temperament. My zeal for religion could not so far blind me as to make me mistake the rash resolve of an unquiet heart for a call from Heaven. In a word, the piety I wished to see in my brothers was such as accorded with their duties as laymen. I wanted to see them serve God in that state of life to which he had

been pleased to call them, and I thought their vocation was pointed out by their birth and the personal qualities which gave them influence in society.

I think Patrick hardly gave me credit for such opinions. I said nothing whatever of Sara Fincer when I answered him, but I told him that if his choice in marriage had proved unfortunate, he must remember that it had been made with very little personal knowledge of the lady whom he loved. That there were women whose virtues and whose truth raised them above suspicion, women who joined the charms of person to a rare intelligence. " In short," I said, " everything that Dona Figuerrez has, joined to everything that she has not, you might have found in Sara Fincer if your unfortunate passion for another had not made you break the bonds that united you to her."

I watched him as I spoke. I hope I do not often descend to deception ; but a little stratagem, when not incompatible with honesty and religion, may sometimes lead to success. The old habit I had acquired in deference to my teachers at Carrickfergus, of composing my countenance and remaining passive on all occasions, stood me in stead. I seemed to be talking dispassionately, without any ulterior object. But Patrick had not had my training. He sighed deeply when I mentioned Sara Fincer, and interrupted me by saying : " Yes, yes ; I have cause to regret the loss of such a woman as the virtuous Sara. And I own I treated her with great injustice. But she must feel now that she has her revenge when she thinks of my humiliation."

Here he paused. I went on as if reflecting on his words : —

" If you have such an opinion of Sara," I said, " I think you might have exempted her from your strictures upon women. There may be others, however, as virtuous, as intelligent, as beautiful, as amiable as Sara. Why should you despair of finding one ? "

" No, no ; " he answered, " I should never have listened to despair if I had thought — But no ! I have been

the enemy of her happiness and her honor; her tyrant, almost her murderer. I have killed her father and her uncle. I am the man she has the right to hate and to despise more than any other in the world. No; I can never hope that Sara would accept a late repentance."

This regret, so brokenly expressed, seemed to mean so much that it required all my self-control to hide my joy. Things were coming right, as it were, of their own accord. I had always shrunk from the idea of Sara's humiliating herself by being the first to propose a reconciliation, and now I answered rather coldly:—

"You have indeed done Sara as much harm as if you had been her declared enemy. But she is a woman full of kindness, and she has made no bitter complaints of your cruelty. The only signs of feeling it has cost her have been her tears."

"But she gave her consent to our separation," he said promptly, "and she was soon consoled by Tenermill for my loss."

"Do you mean me to understand," I said, "that you count it an offence on her part that she sacrificed herself for you? Do you reproach her for consenting to lose honor and happiness to meet your wishes? What am I to think of you? Your character seems full of the most monstrous inconsistencies."

For a moment he stood silent. Then suddenly starting towards me he cried: "If I could think so! If I could hope for what I wish! Ah, then, in place of yielding to despair, I might yet thank Heaven for happiness!"

He was won. But I was far from letting him feel sure that Sara would forgive him, though I held out hopes of her doing so. I told him that to return to one whom he had wedded solemnly by the rites of religion, was a duty, and I promised to do all in my power to enable him to repair the outrages he had been guilty of towards the woman he had promised to protect and honor.

"Be my guide," he said. "I called

you so at the beginning of our interview. Lead me on that path which you encourage me to think may bring me back to happiness."

Then we began to talk of how he would leave the abbey, and what he should do on reaching Paris. I thought he had better stay a few days longer in the monastery. The monks, who had seen him so long plunged in deep grief, wondered what I could have said to him to change him so completely. Curiosity is one of the principal vices of the cloister; but I eluded their questions, nor did they ever learn that I was their hermit's brother. They had no cause to complain of our liberality. Patrick paid them twice the board agreed upon, and we made other presents to the monastery.

Once more at liberty, in air and light, Patrick's spirits rose with every mile as we drew near to Paris. I advised him to go straight to Les Saisons, while I went to the count's house and ascertained what might be the sentiments of Sara Fincer.

As Patrick conjured me to use all my influence with her to promote his wishes, I could not but smile to think that he was saying the same things, almost in the same words, as Sara herself had done already.

Meantime, my joy was tempered by my dread of Tenermill. I feared lest he should be the first person I should see on entering the house, and that he would draw me into his room and question me, before I could see Sara. I did indeed meet him on the staircase, but certainly not as I expected. He was escorting Dona Figuerrez to her carriage; she was attended also by the count and countess, who were overwhelming her with politeness. She uttered a little cry of delight on seeing me, and asked leave to take me aside for a few moments.

Those moments were some of the most embarrassing in my life. She had resolved to know Patrick's family, and as his friend, and the niece of the Spanish ambassador, she had had no difficulty in introducing herself to them. Knowing no reason for concealing my

visit to Patrick they had told her all they knew, and now she wanted to hear all I had to tell.

I said he had recovered his health, and had left the abbey. That he had quitted me upon our road to Paris, and had promised soon to write to me. This reply was accepted, not only by Dona Figuerrez but by the count and countess and Lord Tenermill.

Thus Tenermill made the acquaintance of Dona Figuerrez, offering her much politeness, and requesting permission to show her the curiosities of Paris. It seemed to me that Dona Figuerrez might have been better suited to a man of his character than Sara Fincer, but, apart from what I knew of her as a coquette, she had not Sara's fortune, and a marriage with her, even if her antecedents had been satisfactory, would not have promoted the objects of his ambition. At least, however, I gained the opportunity of seeing Sara alone while he was occupied with the Spanish lady.

Sara was beyond measure delighted to see me. "What news do you bring me?" she cried. "Am I to be happy, or to pass the rest of a ruined life in tears?"

Her health was still so feeble, for she had passed through many shocks, that I feared to tell her all at once what would cause her an excess of joy, but by degrees she heard it, and wanted to set out at once for *Les Saisons*. I restrained her impatience, telling her that none of Patrick's family knew as yet of his arrival, and that she had much to dread from the disappointment it might cause Lord Tenermill. I promised her to bring Patrick to the house that very evening. I had a room into which I could admit him unheard, and I thought after that I could bring him, unperceived, to her chamber. I made her promise, however, that if I did this she would not pardon him too easily, but would receive his suit coldly, and she said she would do so—"if she were able."

I went out to *Les Saisons* and told Patrick, who was soon in a transport of joy, but he was much annoyed when I

told him how Dona Figuerrez had made the acquaintance of the countess, and he also expressed some dread of evil consequences, arising from her evident intention of becoming intimate with Tenermill. Thus we agreed that Patrick had two enmities to dread. But he, thinking only of domestic happiness, proposed to sacrifice all his prospects of promotion in France, and to retire to Ireland, to live a quiet country life in Antrim. I, on the contrary, told him that the best thing he could do would be to throw himself at the king's feet, asking his protection, and his sanction to the re-celebration of his first marriage. "The king has told you himself," I said, "that he desired to attach you to his person; as a member of his household you will be safe from persecution, and need have no fear for the future."

The hour came for Patrick's interview with Sara Fincer. The count and countess had gone to bed, their guests had all departed. Tenermill I knew either went out when others had retired for the night, or shut himself into his own chamber. Patrick was to be in the street about midnight when I was softly to let him in.

I could not but smile at the idea of my undertaking such an office. My situation was as ridiculous as that of Patrick, who was visiting his lawful wife by night with such precautions. We reached Sara's apartment, both agitated, but by different feelings. Patrick dreaded his reception, whilst I was half ashamed of the new service in which I was engaged.

On first seeing Sara, who rose as we entered, Patrick remained for a moment dumb, then he bent his knee before her, and was about to speak, when Sara, in spite of my exhortations, and her own promise, flung her arms about his neck, and rested her head upon his bosom. "Oh, my lord!" she cried, "may I believe my eyes? Is this to be the happiest day of my life, or has the dean, your brother, deceived me? Let me kneel to you,—you, the master of my heart, my life, my fortune!"

She would have suited her action to her words, if Patrick had not prevented her. He led her to a chair, and seated himself beside her.

In vain I had made signs to Sara to remember her promise. I had even pulled her by the sleeve,—but it was useless. So all I could do was to share their joy, but in the midst of their happiness a noise without was heard, and the waiting-maid, who had been stationed in the ante-chamber, came in in haste. She said it was Lord Tenermill who was knocking, and she had refused to let him in, telling him her mistress was in bed. He answered that that was a lie, for as he came home, he had seen her apartment lighted up, and the shadow of a man with his back to the window. Jealousy seemed almost to have maddened him. He had gone first to the porter, and had asked him if he had let any one in? The porter said he had not, but as he was half asleep, he had heard, he thought, a little noise. Then Tenermill had come straight up to Sara's apartment, and threatened to break in the door, dreading, as he told the chamber-maid, lest her mistress should be injured or insulted by the man whose shadow he had certainly seen in her room.

There were four of us, and three were trembling with fright. Patrick alone was perfectly calm. "I should have done better," he said, "to have come here openly, and to have asked my pardon before all of you, from the generosity and goodness of my dear Sara; then Tenermill would not have made this stir. Now let us open the door, and let him see me here, and learn the truth; when I trust that he will share our joy."

Meantime, Tenermill continued knocking, and Sara was so much alarmed that I begged them to let me go to him. I opened the door with a candle in my hand. Tenermill seemed perfectly amazed to see me. "Are you drunk?" I said. "What else can explain your coming here at this hour of the night, and insulting a woman who is the guest of your sister?" "Seeing

is believing," he said fiercely. "If you don't want me to come in, tell me who is the man allowed to visit here so late at night in her chamber?" "A man?" I said. "The wine you have taken made you mistake me for somebody else." "Nonsense!" he said; "it was not you I saw." And seizing the door, so that I could not close it, in a moment he was in the ante-chamber. Then I was forced to tell him that Patrick was there. "He is asking Sara's pardon," I said, "for all the evil he has done her."

"Patrick!" he cried, "I should like to hear how he expects to exculpate himself, and how she receives his excuses." So saying he pushed past me, nearly causing me to fall, and strode into the chamber.

Sara went forward to meet him. Patrick, very angry at the intrusion, remained sitting in his chair. I tried to speak, but no one heard me. "Madame," said Tenermill to Sara, "I should like to know why you receive my brother here at this unseasonable hour? Your embarrassment, and the familiar attitude that I observe in him, tell me what to think of such a rendezvous. But do you imagine I am going to put up with such an outrage?" This speech, and the menace it contained, roused Patrick. He got up brusquely, and, approaching Tenermill, said: "I do not consider that any one has any right to interfere with my visiting her ladyship at whatever hour it may please her to receive me, and I should have expected such interference from you less than from any one." There was nothing offensive in this speech, but Tenermill's eyes blazed bright with anger. He looked fiercely at Patrick and answered nothing. Then turning to Sara he said: "It is for madame to decide upon my claims to her favor, and circumstances make me suppose she has already decided. As to my brother, who has forgotten what he owes me, I shall teach him to remember it!"

He turned his back on us. Patrick was about to speak, but I had my handkerchief in my hand, and covered

his mouth, just as Tenermill departed, slamming the door.

This unhappy scene alarmed me so much that I insisted on taking Patrick away at once.

"You *must* come Patrick," I said, seizing his hand. "I give you only one moment to kiss your wife in." This word which both were charmed to hear me use, softened the separation. Patrick gave Sara a thousand kisses instead of one, and, without another word, they consented to be separated.

My room not being far from Sara's, I took Patrick in there, that we might talk over what had happened, and deliberate as to what we had better do. I was not very much alarmed by Tenermill's threats, but I thought we should be careful to have right and strict propriety on our side. Of course the next day all the household would know what had taken place, and I was in doubt whether to send Patrick back to *Les Saisons*, or to keep him with me all night. At last I told him he had better go, since if he and Tenermill met under the same roof something disastrous might happen. The only piece of advice I gave him was to go early the next morning to court and dispose the king to receive favorably the explanation I proposed to give him. The reason I did not go myself was that I thought I had better keep a watch on Tenermill.

Tenermill, however, did not act exactly as I expected. The next day he sought an opportunity of having a long conversation with me. He began with calmness, but went on to reproach me with having always promoted Patrick's interests rather than his own. I begged him to hear me speak, and then gave him an account of all the events that had happened in the family while he was in Ireland, many of which he did not know. I had not intended he should know them, but now I thought that pity for his brother might soften his heart towards him, and that he might be willing to yield up any claims he might fancy himself to have on Sara's hand and fortune.

I could see Tenermill's color rise

when I spoke of Sara's undiminished love for Patrick, but he waited gloomily till I had done. Then he said: "It is no use my trying to argue against your sophisms. I know but two things by which I consider myself bound, the authority of my king, and the rules of my Church. Both in this instance are in my favor. If Sara had so little self-respect as to condone the outrages inflicted on her by my brother, the king, I venture to hope, will not forget that he has pledged his word to me that I shall be her husband. But if both king and lady should prove false, I shall certainly not suffer myself to be supplanted by my younger brother, and kicked by my elder one." So saying he left me.

I knew now all I had intended to discover; my next duty was to find a remedy. I thought over the situation for some time, and came to the conclusion that what I had planned first would be the best, viz., that Sara should go to Saint Germain, and with her hand in that of her lover and former husband, seek the favor and protection of the king.

I left my room to go and speak of this to Sara, when what was my amazement to find that when I knocked at her door I was denied admittance. She had given strict orders that I was on no account to be suffered to come in. I tried to find out the reason. Her servants did not know. But her waiting-woman, who came out on hearing voices, managed to slip into my hand a little note just written, she told me, by her mistress, and that no one but myself must see.

When I read it in secret I found that Tenermill, who had just left her, had begged her for some days to admit neither Patrick nor myself. He made this request, she said, with much politeness, but added coolly, that if she did not do what he asked he would cut his brother's throat, and seek some public occasion to insult me.

He left her as soon as he had made this speech, and Sara did not doubt he had set spies to watch her door. She begged me not to let any one know that

she had told me this, but to act as if I had no idea why she had declined to receive me.

There seemed in all this but one mitigating circumstance: Tenermill had promised he would not visit Sara so long as he thought proper to exact that she should not see his brothers.

I was going to my room to write a note to Sara, hoping to have it given her by the same trusty hand, when I met Dona Figuerrez on the stairs, attended by Tenermill. She insisted on speaking with me apart, and, drawing me into a corridor in the *salon*, she told me that, having heard from Lord Tenermill of his love for Sara Fincer, and the difficulties attending his union with that rich and beautiful Irish lady, she wanted to propose a plan which she felt would leave everybody satisfied. "Marry Lord Tenermill," she said, "to Sara Fincer, marry me to your brother Patrick, and I promise you that, through the influence of my uncle, the Spanish ambassador, you shall be immediately presented to one of the best bishoprics in France or Spain."

She evidently thought I would accept her bribe. I answered as quietly, judiciously, and respectfully as possible, that I was ready at all times to do anything I could for the honor and advantage of my kindred. With that I bowed and left her.

Passing out I glanced at Tenermill to see if I could find out if he had had any head in the proposition of Dona Figuerrez, but the cold and haughty air with which he bowed to me made me judge that he knew nothing about it.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

I.

THE INFANTRY.

THE British infantry soldier is a person of whom the British public, since it has read Mr. Kipling's stories, flatters itself that it has a certain knowledge and even a certain admiration. How deep this knowledge and how sincere this admiration may be, is an-

other question; but both, at any rate, are something quite new, the dominant feeling of the British people towards its soldiers having hitherto been one of intense jealousy and dislike. Folks are not always quite conscious of the fact; but there it remains, and one proof thereof, which is always present to us, is the circumstance that officers are never seen in uniform when off duty. The practice has been not unreasonably condemned as an anomaly at once absurd and discreditable; but those who blame it ignore the fact that it originally came from a desire to spare a susceptible public the sight of too many proofs of a standing army. And so in time the officer's uniform grew to be regarded as something of a fancy dress, to be paraded on certain occasions for the satisfaction of the tax-payer, who fondly imagines that it is worn at his (and not at the unfortunate officer's) charges; until finally it has become so extremely ornamental that (as was pathetically observed the other day by a distinguished soldier in the House of Commons) it is impossible to stow away in it so much even as a cigarette or a pocket-handkerchief. Similarly the men's uniforms are treated not as the honorable badge of a noble profession, but as a mere masquerading suit, wherewith any man may drape his own limbs, or the limbs of another man, or indeed anything. For we are a commercial nation, and the uniform that has struck terror into foreign warriors may profitably strike terror into native crows. Moreover we are a free nation, and to prevent a man of peace from arraying himself in the dress of a fighting man, with medals, orders, and crosses complete, is an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. Whence did this jealousy of the British soldier arise? Primarily, beyond all question, from the traditional and almost hereditary horror of the military despotism under which England once groaned for a few short years. In spite of Carlyle and Mr. Frederick Harrison, the nation still shudders at the thought of Cromwell. There is

much in the man which it is ready to admire, much that it is willing to condone; but there is one thing that it cannot and will not forgive him, and that is, the creation of the British soldier and the British army.

For the British soldier, the disciplined fighting man in the red coat, dates from the Civil War; and the first British army was the New Model Army organized under the ordinance of the 15th of February, 1644-5. On that day, we may fairly affirm, was born the individual whom it is the fashion to call Thomas Atkins; who, to say the least of him, has carried death and his national peculiarities into more lands than ever soldier in the history of the world. His first task was to found the unity of the three kingdoms on the supremacy of England; his next to build up, with his brother the Blue-jacket, the British Empire. We know something of the man as he stands before us to-day at St. James's, with his magazine-rifle and dagger-bayonet; we can mark his buttons, his plume, his facings, or some other distinction, assert with confidence that he belongs to such and such a regiment, and pass on as a matter of course. But what manner of man he was in the year 1645, and how he was made and trained, is not so clear. This is the matter on which we seek to throw a little light.

Were a civilian to be set the task of training and making soldiers nowadays he could purchase for a few shillings at any bookseller's shop a drill-book which would lay his duties plainly before him. Had the citizen soldiers of the Civil War any such text-books? Assuredly they had; bulky folio volumes, sometimes of several hundred pages, such as Ward's "*Animadversions of Warre*" (1632), Bingham's "*Tactics*" (1616), as well as one or two others which, though known to us by name, are not to be found even in the British Museum. For the first half of the seventeenth century was for a variety of reasons rather prolific in military writings. Englishmen were serving abroad by thousands in the

religious wars on the Continent, and had set up as models for English aspirants to military fame their two most brilliant captains, Maurice of Nassau and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. But if we seek for the authorities to which these in their turn resorted for instruction, we find that Maurice's favorite was *Ælian*, who wrote in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. Bingham's "*Tactics*" is simply a translation of the tactics of *Ælian*; and in a word, the drill-book of the armies of Europe in the seventeenth century, including the New Model Army, was the drill-book of the Roman legions, which in its turn was borrowed mainly from classical Greece. Probably few infantry officers are aware that when they give the word "*Fours*" their men still execute the order in the manner prescribed by the martinets of Sparta. So, too, in the drill-books of the seventeenth century the examples adduced for illustration of strategical and tactical principles are those of Alexander, Epaminondas, and Metellus; and Xenophon's "*Hipparchicus*" is quoted as authoritative in the matter of cavalry manœuvre. It seems difficult at first sight to bridge over the gulf thus opened between the first British army and the present, but none the less we are able to do so. Officers could not lug these huge folios about in service with them, so they made abridgments of them in manuscript for their own use; and finally one such abridgment was printed and published by a certain captain, in such form and compass as that "*it could be worn in the pocket*," — a soldier's pocket-book for field-service, two centuries before the appearance of Lord Wolseley.

Having therefore furnished our officer of the seventeenth century with his drill-book, let us see what manner of instruction he had to impart. And let us first premise that we can speak of no officer of higher rank than a captain, and of no unit larger than a company, for the simple reason that the regiment as we now understand the term, was only in its infancy. In the seventeenth century a regiment

was simply an agglomeration of companies bearing the colors of one colonel; it might include thirty companies, or it might number no more than four. So, too, a company might muster three hundred men or no more than sixty. Gustavus Adolphus first made the regiment a regular establishment of eight companies, of one hundred and twenty-six men each; and it was the ordinance of 1645 which finally fixed an English regiment at ten companies of one hundred and twenty men. As to battalion or regimental drill, not a trace of it is to be found in any contemporary text-book. The captain and his company are their theme, and must also be ours.

Now the captain, when by threats or by blandishment, and the offer of eightpence *per diem* (equivalent to at least five times that sum at the present day), he had got his hundred and twenty men together, had rather a heavy task before him. For the company itself was compounded in equal parts of men totally distinct in weapons and equipment, namely pikemen and musketeers, or, as they were called, Pikes and Shot, which naturally required an equally distinct training. All, of course, had to be taught the difference between their right foot and their left, a sufficiently difficult matter as our authorities assure us, though the equal step was not yet invented; but this was child's play to the handling of the weapons.

The arms and equipment of the musketeer consisted of a musket with a rest from which to discharge it, a bandoleer with fifteen or sixteen charges of powder, and a leathern bullet-bag; and lastly a rapier. The musket-rest, of course, had an iron fork at its head, and an iron spike at the butt whereby to fix it into the ground. Defensive armor the musketeer had none. The instructions for the use of the musket are very full, very minute, and very voluminous; as may be judged from the fact that they include from fifty to sixty distinct words of command. And all these, it must be noted, were requisite for firing-exercise only, the musket

being by no means a parade-weapon. The business of loading was extremely long and complicated, and every motion was regulated to the minutest detail. Such a command, for instance, as "Blow off your loose corns," sounds rather strange in our ears, more particularly when we learn that the order was to be carried out on some occasions by "a puff or two," and on others by "a sudden strong blast." But setting these refinements aside, the command had a real meaning and value, to clear off any loose grains of powder that might remain round the pan after it had been filled, lest when the musketeer was blowing on his match to make it burn up (another distinct motion of the firing-exercise) these "loose corns" might be kindled by a spark and bring about a premature explosion. A still more mysterious word is the contemporary French "*Frappez la baguette contre l'estomac*," which on examination turns out to mean no more than the orthodox method whereby a man should shorten his hold of his loading-rod. Supposing, however, that a man had duly loaded his piece, according to regulation, and on the word "Give fire," had "gently pressed the trigger without starting or winking," there was still no certainty that the musket would be discharged; and the men had therefore to be taught to keep the muzzles well up while removing their rests and going through the other motions subsequent to firing, lest they should shoot their comrades. In action the fifty or sixty words of command were perforce reduced to the three which, in abbreviated form, survive to this day: "Make ready," "Present," "Give fire!" for as Ward very justly observes, "Should a commander nominate all the postures in time of service, he would have no breath to oppose his enemy." On the march the musketeer carried his musket over his left shoulder and his rest in his right hand, using the latter as a walking-stick, his match (a skein of tinder cord) hanging in a loop between the fingers of the left hand, with both ends, if action were expected, alight and smouldering.

And in this attitude he may still be seen in old prints, in short doublet and breeches of astonishing volume.

The pikeman's equipment was very different. He was covered with defensive armor, an iron headpiece, iron "back and breast," and "tasses," a kind of iron apron protecting him from waist to knee. He carried a pike sixteen feet long, with an ashen shaft, an iron head, and a blunt iron spike at the butt-end, whereby to fix it in the ground; and, besides the pike, a rapier. The pike from its great length was a weapon which required deft handling in order to be of effective use, and, as may be imagined, was excessively showy on parade. The modern lance-exercise is a pretty sight enough, but the old pike-exercise, perfectly executed by a large body of men, must have been superb. We are not surprised therefore to find that the postures, or instructions, for this exercise are extravagantly minute. To give one example; at the close of the instruction on the word "Order your pikes," we find after a mass of complicated details, the following conclusion: "You place the butt end of your pike by the outside of your right foot, your right hand holding it even with your eye, and your thumb right up; then, your left arm being set akimbo by your side, you shall stand with a full body in a comely posture." And this, as hundreds of old prints still bear witness, was the typical attitude of the pikeman; standing with a full body in a comely posture, a sight for gods and men and nursery-maids. For, as another authority tells us, "A posture is a mode or garb that we are fixed unto in the well handling of our arms; in which there are motions attendant unto the same for the better grace." The pike exercise has an historical interest, for that its words of command, "Advance," "Order," "Trail," and so forth, still survive in the modern manual exercise; but it has a still greater interest for that it shows us how, from the first, appeal was made to the darling weakness of the British soldier, to his vanity. The word

"smart" was not invented in the seventeenth century, but "handsome" and "comely" made admirable substitutes. Time is prolific; and to that appeal to the comely posture we must trace the ridiculous little curls, which the modern British soldier (by the conversion of one cleaning-rod per company into a curling-iron) contrives to train above the rim of his forage-cap.

It will be seen on reflection that in these composite companies of infantry, one-half, the Pikes, were equipped for the defensive, and the other half, the Shot, for the offensive. The weight of their armor made the Pikes very slow and cumbrous to move, while the nature of their weapons made them comparatively ineffective except when acting in large masses. The Shot, on the other hand, were unencumbered and could work in dispersed order. Shot without Pikes, and Pikes without Shot, were therefore alike at great disadvantage when threatened by cavalry; for the Shot had no defence against horsemen when their muskets were once discharged, for loading was a matter of time; and pikemen, though cavalry might not care to face them bristling in square, could be comfortably shot down by a horseman's pistols at a range little exceeding the length of their pikes. The bayonet, by converting at a stroke every man into a combined musketeer and pikeman, made a revolution in infantry drill and tactics; but it was not introduced into England until a quarter of a century after the Civil War. Pikes and Shot were therefore inseparable at the time whereof we write; and this principle governed the whole of their movements.

The accepted traditions of the British Army are of a thin red line of two ranks of men shoulder to shoulder; but no such thing was known in its early days. Infantry in Cromwell's day was drawn up ten ranks instead of two ranks deep, and the men were generally six feet and never less than three feet apart from each other; whether from right to left, or from front to rear. This was due partly to the cumbrous-

ness of the weapons, which required a deal of elbow-room; partly to the necessity of space demanded for the "doubling of files," that is to say, the process by which in these days the two ranks are converted into four; and the converse "doubling of ranks;" the re-conversion of four ranks into two. It is expressly laid down that the men are not to be taught to close up shoulder to shoulder, for, as Bingham mournfully says, "when necessity shall require it, they will close themselves but too much of their own accord without command." Any one who knows the extraordinary difficulty of making men keep their distances accurately will understand the trials to which the instructors of those days were subjected. And let it be remembered that all profane swearing met with immediate punishment.

When the men had mastered the elements of their business the captain was left with the task of handling his company to the best advantage, a sufficiently difficult matter. For it was important not to jumble the Pikes and the Shot, it was vital not to separate them too far, and it must have been only too easy to get the whole into hopeless confusion. The rule was, on parade as in the field, to mass the Pikes in the centre, and put half of the musketeers on each flank, both alike in ranks ten deep. An infantry attack was generally opened by an advance of musketeers from each flank, two ranks at a time; the first rank fired and filed off to the rear, the second rank took their place and did likewise; then two more ranks moved up to take their place in turn, and so on *ad infinitum*. Meanwhile the main body of Pikes was slowly but steadily advancing, and the musketeers, as the enemy came closer, gradually dropped back, still firing, till they were aligned with the centre of the column of Pikes. If neither side gave way, matters came to "push of pike," as the contemporary phrase ran—sure sign of a stubborn fight—and ultimately to a charge, in which the musketeers fell on with the butt, using the musket as a club. In this latter

accomplishment the British soldier seems to have excelled particularly.

When threatened by cavalry the musketeers fired under the shelter of the Pikes; but to get them safely and orderly among them, and so to distribute them as to use their fire to the best advantage, was a difficult manœuvre. Plans and dispositions for meeting the attack of cavalry are abundant and ingenious enough; indeed in one French drill-book (*Le Mareschal de Bataille*, 1647), wherein pikemen are designated by red dots and musketeers by black, the plans resemble beautiful designs for a tessellated pavement; but none the less, in spite of all elaboration, the musketeers seem generally to have bolted in among the Pikes as best they could. The manœuvres were so complicated that often it was impossible to get the men to return to one front except by the words "Face to your leader,"¹ which rather reminds one of Marryat's nigger-sergeant, "Face to mountain, back to sea-beach." And yet when skilfully handled, how magnificently these men could fight! Take the one solitary body on the king's side at Naseby, which, when the whole of the rest of the army was in full flight, stood like a rock (to use Rushworth's words) and would not move an inch. This *tertia* could not have been above three hundred strong; but it was not until Fairfax had ordered a strong troop of cavalry to attack it in front, a regiment of foot to take it in rear, and another detachment of infantry to assail it in flank, that at last it was broken and dispersed. There is no finer example of the "unconquerable British infantry," which Napier has so eloquently celebrated.

For the rest the British soldier of that epoch had more in common with his brother of to-day than is generally supposed. Of course the prevalence of religious fanaticism gave occasion for serious mutiny at times; for though the union of the religious with the military conscience is irresistible, yet the conflict of the two means death to military

¹ Cf. the adjutant of the Scots Greys at Balaklava, "Rally, the Greys, Face me!"

discipline. There was only one remedy for such mutiny, and that was unflinchingly applied. How troublesome this fanaticism was in other slighter ways may be gathered from the following description of a little riot that took place in the City on Sunday, October 16th, 1653. "An anabaptistical soldier was preaching at a little place in St. Paul's churchyard. The boys [apprentices] congregated, and by their throwing of stones gave interruption to the speaker and his audience; who being assisted by the soldiers routed the boys. Some heads were broken and so much noise made that the mayor and sheriffs not being far from thence at church marched thither. The soldiers desired satisfaction of the 'prentices. 'Twas made answer, 'Twas an unlawful assembly;' and the sheriff said he knew not by what authority soldiers should preach there. The soldier replied, 'By this authority,' and presented his pistol at him, but did not give fire. In fine, the soldiers had the better, cut and beat many and carried with them the marshal of the City, threatening to imprison him; but did not. The lord mayor and his brethren are at this minute with the general complaining. The City generally are highly exasperated, but a parcel of tame cocknies." (Thurloe S.P. IV. 139.)

At the same time it is surely a fallacy to look upon Cromwell's army as composed exclusively of saints. It must be borne in mind that throughout the period of Puritan ascendancy one of the filthiest sheets to be found in any language was printed and published regularly in London every week, and that there were lewd livers, drunkards, and extortioners in the Long Parliament itself. That the army was well behaved as a rule there can, we think, be no doubt; but this was principally due to severe discipline rigidly enforced. No doubt there were certain corps which gave a tone to the whole, but dread of punishment had a large share in persuading the others to accept it. Still the full body and comely posture, like the curls above the forage-cap, were too much for many a female

heart, and the inevitable result was at least common enough to be made a military offence. Swearing and drunkenness likewise were not uncommon; and all these offences were punished alike with flogging or the wooden horse. Moreover, such punishments were inflicted in public so as to combine the maximum of degradation. Thus we hear of men flogged up and down the ranks of the regiment in the High Street of Windsor, or in Holborn; or of their riding the wooden horse at Charing Cross with cans about their necks for being drunk and unruly. The "horse" was simply a triangular ridge of wood, in which men were set astride with muskets tied to their legs. Flogging was not so severe as in the Peninsular days, the historic "cat" having been only just invented for the benefit of the navy. "Running the gantlope" that is, being flogged down the ranks of the regiment, every man being armed with a cudgel, was reserved for offenders against a comrade. Severe as this punishment must have been, Gustavus Adolphus was compelled to make it a capital offence for a man to run the gantlope more than twice, as men could always be found to submit to it (presumably to amuse their comrades) for a few shillings. But insensitive as men may have been to pain in those days, it is by no means so certain that they were equally insensitive to public ridicule and degradation, which was always part of the punishment in Cromwell's time. In those days the newspapers reported the punishment of insubordination with pleasure; now they claim sympathy for the insubordinate. The British public will not suffer the soldier to share its amusements, as being a creature unfit for its noble company; but it joyfully encourages him to mutiny against his officers. It treats him with contempt which he does not deserve; but interposes to save him from punishment which he does. It was Cromwell who made the British soldier's profession an honor to him, and offence against it a reproach. England will never see another Cromwell; but

it will be a good day for her when she comes again to recognize all her debt to the soldier whom he created.

From The Contemporary Review.
HALT!

I.

EUROPE is waiting for one word. It is in the air. It is being muttered everywhere. But as yet the word is not spoken. That word is, *Halt!*

The nations are marching confusedly, almost automatically, towards the Abyss. Progress there is of many kinds — more or less rapid. But there has been no progress more unvarying than the progress which the peoples of the Continent have made and are making towards national bankruptcy down the fatally facile incline of preparation for war. Alike in bad years as in good the exactions of the war ministries increase until their colleagues of finance are at last on the verge of despair. This year has witnessed deficits in every budget in Europe — deficits which in some cases still refuse to be choked. In vain are more and more taxes levied upon the thickening populations struggling desperately for the means of subsistence. State after State finds itself compelled in time of profound peace to discount the revenue of the future by raising loans which but temporarily postpone the evil day.

To the people thus stumbling headlong down to destruction — and stumbling all the more recklessly because their movements are governed by no settled plan or purpose — it is necessary to address the one imperative, *Halt!* It is the word of the moment. The order of the day for the close of the century. *Halt!*

It is a recoil from the brink of the abyss into which Italy has already almost plunged. The movement, or rather the arrest of the movement, will be due to the promptings of the instinct of self-preservation. The various States have moved onward and ever onward at a constantly accelerating rate of speed, driven by scourges

of suspicion and distrust, each fearing that its neighbor was stealing a march unawares, until the whole mass, gaining in momentum year by year, thunders downward in a fool-frenzy of international suicide. In vain do the more reflecting members of the stampeded human herd protest and implore. They are swept away by the irresistible rush of the multitude, and their voices are lost in the tramp of a million feet. But now that the hideous chasm of national bankruptcy grows imminent before their eyes, there is at last, for the first time, a chance — a chance that must not, that will not, be lost.

The deficit. The universal deficit. How are we to choke the deficit? The deficit will not be choked. The deficit, indeed, threatens to choke us. And yet it is the deficit that is to save us. Nothing but the dread of catastrophe of bankruptcy can even for a moment cast out the other dread of cataclysm of war. Bankruptcy, however, brings us up with cruel bit, compels us, if only for a moment, to consider whether we needs must hurry on, ever on, to fresh armaments and new outlays, for which, to put it bluntly, we have neither cash nor credit to pay. Fleeing from the devil, we find ourselves in the deep sea, and the cold consciousness of its depths compels us to ask whether we may not after all face the devil even if we cannot exorcise him.

But all that is necessary, all that is possible now is, not to discuss exorcisms, but simply to cry, *Halt!* When we have arrested the downward plunge, it will be time enough to discuss the best way of retracing our steps. If we discuss the second step, we shall never take the first. Hence, the question of the hour is not disarmament. It is simply the arrest, temporary, but positive, peremptory, and universal, of all fresh armaments. In other words, *Halt!* must be sounded by every war minister in Europe, and the powers must agree that for the rest of the century, not a single extra franc will be added to the war budgets of 1894. That is the first step, the indispensable condition precedent of all relief.

This is the question which is now being discussed with serious earnestness in at least two of the Cabinets of Europe. This policy of a word is a possibility which the next month may see translated into a realized fact. For the necessity of taking some action in this direction is no longer the dream of the idealist and the philosopher. It has taken its place in the deliberations of sovereigns and statesmen. It is being discussed by ambassadors, and it may soon find an imperious voice in the impassionate mandate of suffering democracies. Halt! That is all. We have not got beyond that yet. But that word of categorical imperative is already trembling upon the lips of Europe.

In the pages of this review a statesman of European reputation last month propounded a suggestion which did infinite honor to his heart, but which unfortunately outran considerably the facts of the immediate situation. After eloquently exposing the frightful evils of the present suicidal competition of armaments, M. Jules Simon suggested as an immediate palliative that the duration of military service should be reduced from three years to two, or even to one. The relief thus obtained, it may be pointed out, might be more apparent than real. A reduction of years of service by one-third might be neutralized by adding one-third to the number of men in the ranks. But this by the way. The serious objections to the adoption of this suggestion are two. First, Germany has already reduced the term of her military service; and secondly, there is no reason to believe that Russia, which has a much rougher human material to work upon, would consent to try to make the moujik into a soldier in less than three years. Of course if the powers would agree to M. Simon's proposal, well and good. But there is, to put it mildly, no evidence justifying any hope that they would accept a change that would involve so many and such drastic changes in their military systems.

Something very much more simple than this is wanted, and fortunately

something very much less than this is immediately possible. The curse of the existing situation is that it is the natural and necessary result of international anarchy. To effect any improvement, international anarchy must be subjugated by the introduction, on however small a scale, of international agreement. To introduce this international agreement it is necessary to begin at the beginning, to start from things as they are. What, then, can be more obvious and more simple than the proposal which is now being seriously considered in the highest quarters — viz., to promote an international understanding that, until the close of the present century, no power will increase the sum of money annually devoted to military and naval expenditure beyond the maximum war budget of the current year? Due provision would, of course, have to be made for the possible unforeseen burdens of war or insurrection in Asia or Africa, and it would also be necessary to make due allowance for what may be described as the slight contingent increase of expenditure which may be necessary to carry out the programmes of the present year. Any amount of elasticity might be allowed for in details, if so be that there could then better be secured the vital principle of an international understanding as to the maximum of expenditure on armaments for the next six years. If that were once secured everything else might follow.

The considerations which have led to this proposal are obvious. The principle of allowing every State to decide at its own sovereign will and pleasure upon the amount, nature, and constitution of its armaments is left absolutely intact. For the last quarter of a century the powers have been left without any understanding of any kind to allocate whatever proportion of their revenues they thought fit to the maintenance of their defensive and offensive force. They have by a process of continual experiment arrived this year at the heaviest expenditure they have ever made, and it is reasonable to suppose that, after so many years, they

have succeeded in establishing to their own satisfaction what amount of armor they can afford to carry. Having reached this point, all that it is now proposed to do is to introduce a law of the maximum for the next six years. Each power would still be left absolutely free to vary to any extent the sums devoted to each arm of the service, subject only to one limitation. The total war budget should not be increased beyond the point at which they have each fixed it this year for themselves. They can, of course, reduce their expenditure as much as they please. There will be no law of minimum. Only a law of maximum. In other words, the powers would enter into an international understanding to regard the war budgets of this year as the high-water mark of military and naval expenditure for the closing years of this century.

Such an understanding would abrogate most of the difficulties that confront those who seek to arrive at the same result by fixing the quota of troops with the colors, or by stipulating for the observance of a certain standard of naval strength. The powers, being naturally distrustful of each other, constantly question the good faith of their neighbors. Inquiries, difficult either to answer or to parry, would be made as to the strength of garrisons and the number and condition of the war ships. By this means the very effort to secure peace might precipitate war. All these dangers could be averted by the simple process of fixing the law of the maximum. Each power, on entering upon this agreement, would specify the sum which it devotes this year to its armaments, and, so long as the military and naval estimates of succeeding years did not exceed that sum, no question would arise. There is no check so simple and effective as the money check, nor is there any limitation upon the liberty of action of the powers less irksome or embarrassing.

It may be objected that, although the international arrangement under discussion might be academically admira-

ble, it would effect no relief of the burdens which are weighing down the industry of the nations. That, of course, is true. But it would be much more than a mere academic advantage to arrest the automatic growth of national expenditure. In the past the war budgets of Europe have increased at the rate of twenty-three per cent. in six years. In the next six years they would probably show at least as great an increase, or say £25,000,000 per annum in 1900. To prevent the imposition of that fresh burden would be a triumph for civilization and common sense. But the advantage would not end there. If once the law of the maximum were to be accepted as part of the recognized rule of Europe, two years would not elapse before the powers would come to consider whether it might not be possible to reduce that accepted maximum. There is no special sanctity about the figure fixed by the war ministries of 1894. The *status quo* must be accepted as the starting-point. But so long as the relative proportion of the expenditure of the several powers is maintained intact there could be no objection to a simultaneous scaling down all round, say by five or ten, or even by twenty per cent. The first thing to be done, however, is not to discuss whether agreement to reduce is possible, but to demonstrate that an agreement not to increase is both possible and practical. After the powers have shown their willingness loyally to abide by the law of the maximum as fixed by this *status quo*, they will be in a much better position to broach the further question as to the possibility of a simultaneous modification of the *status quo*.

Even if no such modification were attempted, the acceptance of the law of the maximum would mark a great stride towards the establishment of international law in the place of international anarchy. A broad, unmistakable mark would be drawn by the common consent of all the powers indicating the extent beyond which the exactions of militarism should not go.

II.

WE now approach the second part of the subject. Granted that it would be an immense boon to secure the international recognition of the law of the maximum, what probability is there that such a boon will be conferred upon the continent of Europe?

To answer this question it will be necessary to pass in rapid review the powers whose consent it is indispensable to obtain. But the moment our survey begins it ends. For there is only one power in Europe whose assent is necessary. If that power assents, all the others will follow suit. That power is France. It is flattering to the *amour propre* of the French that there is no one in Europe who will dispute the fact that their fiat in this matter is absolute. France can veto the proposal, and if France vetoes it, all thought of its adoption will disappear. For France is the one power in Europe whose avowed policy is antagonistic to the territorial *status quo*. Germany, in Prince Bismarck's homely phrase, has eaten and is full. She asks only for the maintenance of things as they are. France, on the contrary, is dissatisfied with the map of Europe. France yearns for revenge and covets the restoration of her lost provinces. If France, therefore, should scout the law of the maximum, it will be abandoned before it has diplomatically been laid upon the table. Everything, therefore, turns upon the question—What will France do?

France is the land of the unforeseen. But so far as the acutest observers among her own people and among the diplomatists within her borders can discern, France would regard the proposal, not merely without opposition, but would hail it with positive enthusiasm. It is not difficult to see why this should be the case. The proposal acceptable to all the nations is doubly so to France, to whom it is indeed a profound and delicate compliment. The French Republic has already, with characteristic *élan*, assumed before the world the onerous responsibility of inaugurating the twentieth century by a

great International Exhibition which will throw all previous assemblies of the nations into comparative insignificance. Now, the organization of a great world's fair is not an affair that can be improvised as nature produces mushrooms. It is the work of years. The preliminary negotiations will have to be set on foot next year, or, at the latest, in 1896. Worthily to fulfil the proud rôle of the standard-bearer of civilization and host of the nations at the first great national *fête* of the coming century, France needs peace, needs security, needs, in short, precisely that sense of freedom from the mad preoccupation of rivalry in armaments which the proposed law of the maximum would secure her. The adoption of the suggested understanding would be equivalent to an honorable and definite postponement of the war of revenge until after the Exhibition of 1900. And that to France, most of all, would be an immense gain.

Last year it may be admitted there seemed some considerable doubt amid the patriotic orgies of Toulon whether the French could be relied upon to abstain from attempting the realization of their cherished designs. But the intoxication of the first embrace was speedily succeeded by a cruel disillusion. The Emperor Alexander evoked the transports of enthusiasm of his French friends, not in order to precipitate war, but to bind them over to keep the peace. As they appeared at first to be in some danger of misunderstanding the inner significance of the Franco-Russian *entente*, the emperor gave them a much needed object-lesson by the conclusion of the Russo-German Treaty of Commerce. Lest that should fail to teach the Republic how the land lay, the betrothal of the heir to the Russian throne to a German princess followed and still further cleared the air. Not even the most volatile of the Parisians can now revive the delirious imaginings of the *fêtes* at Toulon and Cronstadt. Their Russian friend is a shield and buckler to France against aggression. But in return he has practically placed an insuperable

veto upon any attempt by France to reconquer her lost provinces.

This being the case, the ground is cleared for the negotiations which should lead up to the acceptance of the law of the maximum. The Italian government cannot help itself. With or without an international understanding, it must not merely not increase its armaments, it must substantially and immediately reduce them if it is to continue to pay its way. "I should not be afraid," said Signor Crispi, "of a reduction of the army. We are in need of peace, of a prolonged peace, to relieve us of our embarrassments and to make our future possible. If there is a desire to help me I will do everything that is possible, humanly speaking, to secure this end." Austria will heartily welcome any understanding that would relieve the Empire Kingdom of a burden which already is almost intolerable. The German emperor, it is no secret, would willingly take the initiative in crying *Halt!* were it not that no proposal emanating from Berlin would stand much chance of success in Paris. There remain only England and Russia. It is from these powers that the initiative may be looked for which will secure to Europe six years of truce and relieve the Continent of the constant dread of impending war.

III.

"It is evident," said a shrewd observer, commenting upon the admitted desire of the European Cabinets to reduce the burden now well-nigh not to be borne, of their armaments—"it is evident that the first step towards an understanding tending to a reduction of war expenses must be taken by some one, otherwise the most pacific intentions may be destroyed or paralyzed by unforeseen events." But upon whom falls the responsibility of the initiative? There are three powers in Europe to whom this belongs. The first is the pope, as the official head of the most important section of the Christian Church; the second is the Russian emperor, who for ten years

has been the custodian of the peace of Europe; and the third is the democracy of Great Britain, which history shows can on occasion act with decisive energy in those international crises where the one thing needful is a genuine and emphatic expression of the national will. If any one of these three powers were to fail civilization, the present opportunity might pass unimproved. Fortunately there is every reason to believe that they can be depended upon to discharge the obligations of their respective rôles.

Taking them first in order, there is no question as to the views of the pope. Leo XIII. in these, as in other important affairs of State, bears himself as one worthy of the pre-eminent position which he occupies in Christendom. Eastern and Western, Orthodox and Protestant, may scout his pretensions to infallibility and repudiate his claim to pontifical authority, but there is no Christian man who does not feel that in many of the great controversies of the day he can trust at least as implicitly in the Christian principle and statesmanlike good sense of Leo XIII. as in those of any leader of his own ecclesiastical fold. Repeatedly has the holy father deplored the crushing weight of modern armaments, which are so terrible and so overwhelming a Nemesis of atheistic civilization, and nothing would give more joy to the pontiff-statesman than to be able to summon the nations to take the first step on the path of international agreement.

There is even less doubt about the attitude of the Russian emperor. Western statesmen have learned to recognize in this silent and reserved sovereign the most valuable life in Europe. Alexander III., it used to be said, has but one ambition: to leave behind him the record of a reign unstained by a single war. He has ever been faithful to that high ideal, and it would seem that of late he has aspired to the still higher rôle of preventing any other power breaking the peace. Whether or not we regard as authentic the officially disclaimed declaration of the king of Denmark as to the readiness of "his

dear son-in-law" to enter upon the pathway of protecting the peoples against the constantly increasing burdens of military armaments, there is no doubt as to the quiet, resolute determination of Alexander III. to leave no stone unturned to secure for Europe the blessings of peace. He is a man of slow, steady habit of thought. He is not a theorist, an idealist, or an enthusiast. He is above all things the conscientious practical monarch — standing sentry over the peace of Europe. If he sees that the law of the maximum would contribute to avert war, his is the resonant voice whose *Halt!* would in a moment arrest the headlong march of Europe to financial ruin.

There remains the democracy of Britain, to whom haply there may be reserved the popular proclamation of this new truce of God. This year England has increased her expenditure on her only effective arm, the navy, and in certain quarters there is much clamor for still further increase. A new ministry is in power pledged to pursue an imperial policy. But the heart of the people is sore within them at the perpetual sacrifices which, nevertheless, they resolutely make in order to maintain the safety of the one State in Europe which dispenses with conscription. If, however, there be at last after these long years, a chance that the ruinous era of international anarchy, with its suicidal competition in armaments, can be brought to a close, there will be such an expression of popular feeling as will reverberate through the Continent. For the democracy is weary of the burdens which crush the family to fill the barrack, and impoverish the school and the larder in order to squander millions on torpedoes and artillery. If, as the American wittily said, "Civilization sometimes takes a lift on the powder-cart," it is indispensable that the whole of her resources should not be squandered on powder-carts, otherwise there will be no civilization left to lift.

From Temple Bar.

WHILE JOANNA WAS AWAY.

BY HENRY ERROLL,
AUTHOR OF "THE UGLY DUCKLING."

JOANNA says I am not fit to be left alone.

This is the sum and substance of what Joanna has been saying all her life. She said it when I was a little boy of five, and she a gawky, conceited girl of fifteen; she said it when I left off jackets, and thereby embittered the pleasure and glory of my first stand-up collar; she said it when I was twenty, and she found out I had lost ten shillings at cards; she said it when my father died, and I came into possession of the uncomfortable old house in Linden Street, Bloomsbury, and of a comfortable income of two thousand a year.

"Of course I shall live with Richard," she said decisively, when questioned on the point; "he is not fit to be left alone."

My sister does not mean that I am a dangerous lunatic, that I require something very like personal restraint. Oh dear no! She allows that my wits, such as they are, are steady enough. It is my absent-mindedness, my apathy with respect to all household questions, my untidy habits, my disregard of food and clothes, that make her say I am not fit to be left alone. The fact is, I am a student, I am not a man of the world, nor do I wish to be. I feel no call to mingle with my fellow-creatures, either Mayfairwards or slumwards. I subscribe liberally to a great number of charities. I allow Joanna to leave as many of my cards as she pleases on whom she chooses; further, I have no intention of going. I do not care for "young and lively society." The girl-cousins and nieces whom Joanna is always inviting fill me with dismay; their brothers are even worse than themselves. I am thirty-five at this present moment, and until a few weeks ago I had never met with any person or thing, male, female, or neuter, half so interesting as a book.

Books are my friends, among them I live, in their society I am never alone. But this is just what Joanna will not

see. By not leaving me alone she means that she herself is to be continually running after me, scolding me for wearing an old coat, telling me my ties are not what are worn now, asking me what I should like best for dinner, saying I must come and make myself agreeable to whichever Miss Jones, Miss Smith, or Miss Brown chooses to honor us with her company, and worst — oh, unutterably worst of all, insisting on periodical dustings of Me and my Books.

I can find no words in which adequately to describe the misery which these latter proceedings entail upon me. Joanna takes immense credit to herself, and is always telling people how devoted she is, because she dusts in my library herself, so that "none of his precious things are disturbed, you know, my dear."

That is what she says. If my papers and my books could speak, they would tell a very different story. I can speak, but I don't. You may as well attempt to dam a surging torrent as stop Joanna's duster. I have never attempted to dam a surging torrent, but I have d — But this is beside the point. I suffer, but I bear.

Three months ago Joanna came into the library, just as I had cut the string round a book I had picked up that afternoon — a real Elzevir, none of your spurious copies, but a real genuine beauty. I was naturally longing to look at my prize, and, as naturally, it was necessary for Joanna to disturb me.

"Brother," she began.

She always says "Brother" when she wants anything.

"Well?" I answered, not too amiably, I am afraid.

"I have had a letter —"

I had got the cover off my book, and was looking hungrily at it.

"Are you listening, Richard?" said my sister, with some asperity.

"Certainly, my dear Joanna, I am listening," I replied mildly.

"I have had a letter —"

"So you observed before," said I triumphantly, thus plainly demonstrating that I really was listening.

"It's from Carry."

Caroline is my other sister. She married a curate, and has ten children.

"What does she want? Some money?" I asked.

"No," answered Joanna, glancing at the letter. "But — she is — she's — well, they are expecting another baby, and —"

"What, a fresh baby! Why, the old one can't be more than ten months yet!"

"It is eleven months," said my sister, as sternly as if one month made all the difference in the world. "But it is quite true, there is another coming."

"Well," I said peevishly, for I did not see to what our conversation was tending — "well, what do they want me to do? Not to promise to be godfather already, surely?"

"Of course not!" replied Joanna, again referring to the letter. "But Carry seems very nervous this time — she writes in the most despondent way."

"I am very sorry," said I.

"Yes, poor thing," said Joanna. "But what do you suppose she wants?"

I couldn't guess. I only knew what I wanted just then.

"What would you want if you were ill?" asked Joanna, pursing up her lips and putting her head on one side in a bird-like and peculiarly exasperating manner.

"To be left in peace," I said savagely.

Joanna straightened her head with a jerk.

"Trust a man never to say anything polite," she said vindictively. "But that's not what Carry wants. She wants me to go and stay with her."

"Oh!" I returned.

"Yes, of course, I expected it to upset you, but I couldn't help it. I am afraid I shall have to go."

"Yes?" I observed, in a would-be indifferent tone. "When?"

"You think you can spare me?" asked my sister, eying me narrowly.

I tapped my desk with the paper-knife I was holding.

"If I must," I said, with a hypocritical regret in my tone.

"You have the first claim on me —" began Joanna, but I interrupted her.

"Don't think of me in the matter at all, my dear. Carry wants you, Carry must have you. I shall do very well without you for a day or two. You have the house in such admirable order —"

"Yes," admitted my sister complacently, "I think it's pretty fair. The new housemaid wants looking after, and Jones requires a tight hand; but still, for a few days —"

So it was settled, and on the next day but one I saw my dear sister Joanna off by the 12.30 from Paddington.

As the train moved out of the station I drew a long breath, and cried in an undertone, "Saved, saved!" Perhaps Joanna had forgotten it, but I had not. That very day was the periodical dusting-day!

Dusty, but supremely happy, I sat among my books all the afternoon. The sun shone in brightly, and illuminated various merrily dancing particles of dust which appeared to my sympathetic mind to be holding high carousal at the absence of their wonted remover. I laid my hand on volume after volume, all in their own accustomed places; my papers lay undisturbed before me, and I felt — at last — that it was very good for man to be alone.

Joanna had very reluctantly relinquished the reins of government. She had made a sort of effort to induce me to promise that I would keep her well posted in the new housemaid's behavior, but finding me stubborn in my rejection of this cheerful idea, had, I believe, concluded a sort of pact with our old manservant Jones, by which he was bound by awful penalties to summon her home directly anything should go wrong.

"As of course something will," she remarked.

Jones asked if he could go out the evening after Joanna had departed. I said yes, and he went out, apparently

taking with him every other member of the household, for when I rang my bell an hour after no one came to answer it. After ringing again I decided to take my letters to the post myself, which, as the pillar-box is just at the end of our street, entailed no great effort on my part.

It was a lovely evening, and after posting my letters I sauntered, my hands beneath my coat tails, up and down the street.

"Hullo! number thirteen is let at last!" I mentally exclaimed, as my eye fell upon a furniture van unloading at the door of the house exactly opposite my own.

I wondered who had taken it. The furniture going in was all very handsome, and apparently new. I dawdled on, idly watching the men as they unrolled vast quantities of bass matting, and regaled themselves with an apparently endless quantity of beer, which a boy busily fetched from the adjoining public-house. Presently the van was empty, the bass matting was flung back into it, the beer cans made their last journey back to their native heath — I mean bar — the men banged the van doors to, and drove away, three of them seated behind on the space outside the doors from which place of vantage they made facetious remarks on the various foot-passengers in the street.

No sooner had the van disappeared than a four-wheeler crawled up to the door. I had just turned round at the end of the street, and so could not help seeing the occupants of this vehicle. A woman got out, a middle-aged, dark-complexioned, foreign-looking woman from her general appearance and attire, evidently a servant. She helped out first an old and then a young lady, who both went up the steps of the house, the door of which was immediately opened to them by another servant already in cap and apron. The younger of the two ladies stood for a moment on the doorstep while she searched her purse for the cabman's fare, and I, having almost reached the part of the pavement that

was opposite her, had a good view of her.

I looked at her carelessly, negligently enough; as I have already implied, I am no ladies' man. But my wandering glance was at once arrested, for the woman on whom it fell was beautiful.

Yes, beautiful. It is a strong word, for many of us go through life without ever seeing a human being who really and truly merits the epithet; but this woman was beautiful, really and truly. Superbly beautiful!

I am no hand at describing a woman's looks. I cannot analyze them, even for myself, so I can only say that this new-comer was tall, well-formed, very dark, and about twenty-five years old. This meagre description gives quite as good an idea of her as would the most elaborate and detailed ravings. What one can describe is not what makes the charm of a woman, it seems to me. It is the intangible, the immaterial, the essence and the spirit that one should care for. Perhaps you wonder to hear me speak like this, who have just said of myself that I am no ladies' man. Neither am I, but that does not prevent my having—strictly in private—an ideal of womanhood which has grown close and dear to me. Miss Smith, Miss Brown, Miss Robinson, are *ladies*; but Helen, Cleopatra, the Venus of Milo, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, were *women*—quite a different thing.

I know no women—only ladies, and in ladies I have never taken an interest, but this new-comer attracted me at once.

"She is a woman," I muttered to myself as I turned my key in my own door, and went in to my delightful dust and books.

I thought no more of my new neighbors for several days, being very deeply engaged in the reading of an old and almost illegible Persian manuscript, a delightful and engrossing occupation which prevented me from crossing the threshold of my house. On the fourth day after Joanna's departure, I felt that I was overstraining my eyes, for they ached and burned intolerably, and

therefore, instead of returning to the library immediately after dinner, I lighted a cigar and strolled out into the street.

I had taken a turn or two before it occurred to me to look at the opposite house. The lighting of the gas-lamp outside its door drew my attention, and from the lamp my eyes travelled to the house behind it. It bore a very different appearance now from a few days before. There were curtains at all the windows, flowers in some of them, and a cheerful light at the hall door. The two long, drawing-room windows were open, for the evening was oppressively close; through the gently waving white curtains one could see a crimson-shaded lamp, and on the balcony, which was full of flowers, stood a white-clad figure.

"The younger of the two—the beautiful one," I said to myself; and even as the words passed through my mind, the tall, white form turned and passed between the curtains, which seemed to fall softly behind her.

She had been leaning one hand on the edge of the balcony, and as she passed from my sight I saw something white flutter from under that hand and come gently floating down towards the street.

"A handkerchief," I thought, and watched for a moment, lazily wondering if any one would come out to get it.

At that time of the evening our street is always absolutely deserted. It leads nowhere in particular, and, having lost any fashionable pretensions it may once have had, enjoys an enviable tranquillity, the fit reward of a respectable old age. No one at all was passing through it at the time the handkerchief fell, and as no one came out to fetch it, it lay where it had fallen, caught on the area railings.

I had walked up to the letter-box and half-way back again, before it occurred to me that it would only be courteous and neighborly on my part to restore the handkerchief, which had evidently not been missed. Naturally, as soon as I realized this, I was perfectly ready to do it. I therefore leisurely crossed

the street, down which a young man, accompanied by a young person very much feathered and bugled, was now advancing, and carefully lifted the truant handkerchief from the spike on which it rested.

It was a tiny bit of cambric of gossamer fineness, with lace and embroidery on it. I don't suppose I had ever taken such a thing in my hand before. I am quite sure Joanna's pocket-handkerchiefs do not resemble it in the least. I rang at the door, and while I stood waiting and looking down at my prize, a strange, sweet odor floated up from it to me—a scent at once powerful and faint, pungent, evanescent, indescribably delicious.

The door opened, and the foreign-looking woman I had seen arrive with the two ladies was before me. She had a soft, doughy face, out of which twinkled two extremely bright black eyes, which regarded me with apparent astonishment.

"I saw this handkerchief drop out of the window," I said, holding out the article in question.

The woman took it, looked at it, smelt it, turned it over in her small, fat hands, and finally said, in a strong foreign accent:—

"Monsieur is very kind. My mistress will be please."

I murmured something appropriate, and then went down the steps and over the road to my own house. As I shut my hall door after me, I noticed that the servant opposite had watched me in, for she was still holding the door partly open, and I could see her pale, flabby face framed like an unwholesome-looking pat of butter in the doorway.

Some idle impulse made me lounge into the dining-room and stand at the window, looking up at the drawing-room opposite, with its red lamp shining between the white curtains. I saw a shadow pass between the lamp and the window, and immediately afterwards the white curtains parted, and a figure came out.

"It is She again," I said to myself, and with the sight of her came the

remembrance of that sweet, subtle perfume of a moment or two before.

It was too dusk now for me to be able to distinguish her features clearly, but I was already too familiar with her tall form and the lofty carriage of her head to be able to mistake any one else for her. She put her hand on the balcony and leaned over, evidently to see for herself where her pocket-handkerchief had fallen. Then she turned half-round to where, in the window behind her, I could just see the cap of the foreign maid, as if asking a question, I thought. I saw the white cap nod, and the lady moved again and looked at my house.

I hastily backed into the room, forgetting that I was perfectly free from observation, as I was without a light. The lady looked steadily across for the space of about thirty seconds, and then she turned slowly and went back into the room.

As for me, I returned to my manuscript, but somehow or other I did not do much more good at it that night. The faint, puzzling characters engaged my eyes as busily as ever, but between my eyes and them kept running the curious twists and twirls of fine embroidery, while from the musty old parchment stole a strange, penetrating perfume which was simply extraordinary considering its antecedents.

During the next day or two I saw my neighbor several times. Once she was coming out all dressed in black, with her elderly companion, whom I had settled was her mother; once she was returning from a walk, with the foreign maid, and once she was on the balcony in the evening as I smoked my after-dinner cigar.

Her beauty grew upon me more and more, every glimpse I caught of it enhanced it in my eyes. I grew to wish I could hear her speak—I am very impressionable about voices—and I fancied that her voice would be as beautiful as her form, that her face, and figure, and her voice must all combine in one fragrant, perfect whole, corresponding in some mysterious manner to the wonderful, haunting per-

fume I had for one instant inhaled, and which I could not forget.

At last one afternoon, as I was returning from my bookseller's, I met her, just at the corner of the street. The foreign maid was with her, and I saw her direct her mistress's attention to me, no doubt as the gentleman who had returned the handkerchief.

The lady lifted her eyes and looked at me. The color rose in her cheek, and she made, as if involuntarily, the very faintest inclination of her head, with a half-shy and wholly bewitching smile. I took off my hat, and in another second she had passed me, and I saw her no more that day.

My Persian manuscript suffered that evening. It lay carelessly thrown into a drawer, while I sat foolishly staring across at my neighbor's house. For two or three hours I never took my eyes off the drawing-room windows opposite, and at last my patience was rewarded, for She came out on to the balcony, and stood just in front of me for full five minutes. I could not see very distinctly, but she appeared to be looking straight before her, namely, at my house. I held my breath as I watched her, almost afraid that my breathing might disturb and drive her in. They were five long—and yet how short—minutes, but they came to an end. My divinity turned, with that sweep of her long, white drapery I was beginning to know so well, and disappeared from my sight.

I should be ashamed to say for how much longer I remained with my eyes fixed on the empty balcony, hoping against hope that she might appear again. It was very late when I went to bed, to lie and toss and think, till my head went round, of the woman whose voice I had never yet heard.

How hungrily I watched for her all the next day—and the next, and the next! Three days without a sight of her! I walked the street until my feet were red-hot from the scorching pavement; I sat in my own drawing-room staring across the road until my eyes burned and my head ached. And all those three days she never crossed

her threshold, and never once came out on the balcony or stood even for a moment at the window.

At the end of the fourth day I was sitting trying to eat some dinner, when a ring came at my front-door bell. I listened anxiously, and was not in the least surprised when Jones came into the room and said that a servant from the house opposite had come across, and wished to speak to me. Jones evidently thought I was mad when I rushed out into the passage more like a schoolboy awaiting a hamper than a staid student of Persian, for I distinctly heard the sniff which he always gives when either Joanna or I do anything to displease him.

In the hall I found the foreign maid. She was standing with her hands clasped before her, and looked as calm and motionless as if carved out of stone. She acknowledged my presence with a movement of her head, and said slowly:—

"If monsieur vill come, my mistress say she vill be obliesh."

If I would come—go to her! I snatched up my hat from the hall table, opened the door, and, preceded by the foreign maid, crossed the street, leaving Jones on my own doorstep a monument of deprecating horror.

The door of the house opposite was ajar; my conductress pushed it open and shut it behind me. In the hall stood my beautiful woman, leaning against the wall behind her, one little hand pressed to her left side, while the other motioned imperiously to an angry-faced and evidently inebriated female who was a few paces further down the passage. When I came in, the lady turned her lovely eyes on me, and, with a smile which scattered my few remaining wits, said:—

"You 'ave come! *Merci*, monsieur."

I had been right about her voice. It was exactly what it should be.

"You see, monsieur," she went on, without allowing me time to express my happiness at having been sent for—"you see dis woman. Se vas ze cook of my muzzaire and of me. Se is

lacy ; se cooks not our dinnaire ; I spik to haire, and I find — vat ? She is troonked — ivre — drinked ! ”

“ I ’m not no more drunk than you are yerself ! ” yelled the cook, with a threatening lurch towards her mistress. She was met half-way by the foreign maid, who, with a turn of her plump wrist, seated the refractory one somewhat violently and suddenly on the stairs.

The lady went on, gesticulating with her hands.

“ I say to haire, ‘ Here are your money ; now go ! ’ She refoos — mak gret noise. I tink of monsieur, who ’as been so kind — I ask Anita to fets ’im — *et voilà !* ”

“ You want me to get this woman out of the house ? ” I asked, drawing myself up.

“ Precise-a-ly,” responded the lady, with a sweet smile.

I turned with my most commanding air to the cook, who, somewhat to my surprise and to my regret — for I felt as strong as Hercules just at that moment — rose up and sulkily expressed her willingness to go.

“ Pack your things, then,” said I.

Anita accompanied her up-stairs at a word from her mistress, and the latter and myself were left alone.

“ ‘Ow can I thank you, monsieur ? ’ said the lady, with a look which to me was thanks enough. “ You must come op and spik viz my muzzaire ; she vill be so grateful. ”

If she had told me to throw myself over the banisters, I think I should have done it, so intoxicated was I with the wonderful beauty of the woman before me, with her voice, and with the perfume which floated towards me from her. I followed her up-stairs, feeling exactly as if I had come into some lofty and magnificent cathedral, in which it was only possible to bow the knee, and lose one’s self in the ecstasy of adoration. But the soft rustle of her flowing white drapery ceased, and I found myself in the room at which I had so often looked with longing eyes. There was the red-shaded lamp, diffusing its softly tinted

light, the white curtains moved gently in the evening air, and I was inside instead of outside.

On a sofa sat the old lady, all black lace and satin. She greeted me in the friendliest and homeliest of manners, very different from the stately courtesy of her daughter. As she spoke no English at all, our conversation had to be carried on in French, which, thanks to my love for languages, I speak indifferently well.

The old lady first of all detailed, with such volubility that I could hardly keep pace with her, the enormous delinquencies of the inebriated cook. In the next breath she informed me that she was La Marquise de Laroche, and that, after many years of residence in South America, where her husband had had estates, and where he had died, she had come with her daughter, Dolores, to arrange some business matters in England.

“ We shall not stay here long — your climate is atrocious ; but for a year at least it will be necessary. ”

To all this I listened apparently attentively, but in reality missing a good deal of it, for I was covertly watching my goddess, whose beautiful name I now knew, and who was leaning back in a large armchair, slowly waving a huge black fan to and fro. She smiled indolently at her mother’s fluent discourse, but kept her eyes fixed on her lap.

Seeing that she was not looking in my direction, I gazed at her with all my soul in my eyes, when suddenly, without any apparent movement on her part, I found myself looking straight into hers — great, unfathomable wells of light they seemed to me.

I knew I was behaving very rudely, but I did not alter my position for that. All else grew dim to me — the softly lighted room, the shadowy tables and chairs, the flowers and china ; I heard without understanding the monotonous flow of the old lady’s confidences. I was hardly conscious even of myself.

When the door opened to admit Anita, it was not without a distinct and painful struggle, as if my soul had

been absent, and had only then returned to my body, that I roused myself to understand what was going on.

The maid came close up to her young mistress and spoke in Spanish.

"Ze wicked one is departed," then said Dolores to me, still waving the big black fan to and fro.

I became aware that it was fully time for me to be "departing" also, and rose to take my leave.

"We shall not forget under what great obligations we are to monsieur," said the old lady. "We have but few friends in London; and if he will honor two lonely women again with a visit, we shall be enchanted to see him."

I bowed, and murmured awkwardly — for, alas! I am awkward by nature — that the honor and pleasure would be on my side.

Dolores stood up, tall and erect, the fan in her left hand, her right extended to me.

"You will come again?" she said, in the pretty accent which made each word sound like a poem to me. The little cool hand lay in mine one instant, in another I was down the stairs, and crossing the street to my own house.

I got into my library, locked the door, and sat down to think. Think, did I say? No — not think — there was no more thinking for me for many days to come.

I went about as in a dream, eating hardly anything, working not at all, feeling no interest in my accustomed pursuits, caring for nothing, taking no heed of anything but of the hour which should permit me to go across to Dolores.

For after a day or two it became a regular accustomed thing for me to go over every evening. They were so dull, they said, and I was so glad to go. And so every evening I steeped myself afresh in the delights of Elysium; every evening I walked into that crimson-lighted room, with the old lady sitting on the sofa, and opposite her Dolores, all in white, lying back in the

big armchair, waving the black fan to and fro.

The old lady talked, and I looked at Dolores. Sometimes Dolores looked at me, and at those times I should have liked to die. She rarely spoke, never laughed, but often smiled — strange, slow, mysterious smiles, which seemed to set my brain on fire. The air all round her was impregnated with the perfume I knew and loved so well; every time she stirred it was wafted towards me.

The old lady would insist on my drinking the *maté*, which to her was an indispensable item of existence, and I, in my bewitched condition, thought it nectar, and earned her highest respect for my good taste.

I was madly in love with Dolores — the first Woman I had ever spoken to in my life. I knew I was in love, but I formed no plan for the future — I did not want to think of the future. Was I not living for the first time, and was not the present enough for me?

But one morning when I came down to breakfast, I found among my letters one in my sister's handwriting. After a glance across at my beloved's close and shuttered windows I tore it open. It announced Carry's convalescence, and Joanna's consequent return in a week.

In a week! I let the letter fall, and stared before me. Only one more week, and then *Joanna*!

A gaunt and angular form arose before me, ashen-colored hair, parted in the middle and neatly brushed down on either side of the forehead, hard, ruddy, but hollow cheeks, thin lips and sharp chin, decided, brusque movements, a straight up-and-down figure, clad in thoroughly English-looking garments, notable, bony fingers, always occupied with an unappetizing piece of knitting, and, to crown all, a rasping, *aigre* voice, continually uplifted in reproof or criticism — this was my sister Joanna, and she was coming back to me.

The question of the future arose before me now, demanding instant answer. There was but one answer in

my mind. Joanna's reign was over. I had a new queen now, and I must make sure of her. I must propose to Dolores directly, and get ready to fight Joanna with all the firmness that Dolores' love would give me.

I am not a conceited man by nature—I am quite sure I am not, but I was in no doubt about Dolores' affection for me. I *felt* it, as I knew she meant me to feel it, and I knew she would say yes to me. I knew we, she and I, understood each other in that best of all ways—straight from heart to heart, scorning the paltry aid of words. Plain, awkward, dull Englishman as I was, and beautiful, poetic angel as she was, our souls were close to each other, and had but one language between them.

In this strain I mused all day, while waiting as impatiently as usual for the evening. I was not intimidated at the thought of making my request to my divinity—she would understand so quickly. There would be need of but few words.

The evenings were drawing in now, and it was almost dark as I crossed the road. Anita opened the door for me, and I gave her half a sovereign, because she seemed to smile an assuring welcome at me. Up-stairs I went to the now familiar room, where I found my Dolores alone.

"You received my note?"

"As you see," she replied, with an expressive lifting of one shoulder towards the empty sofa on which her mother usually sat.

She was more lovely to-night than ever before. Her sweetness and her beauty almost paralyzed me, but I began to speak, and in another minute I had told her.

She listened quietly, the fan never ceasing to wave. When I had finished, she paused an instant, lifting her great eyes to my eager ones, and smiling her own slow, mysterious smile, and then she said:—

"I am so ver' sorry, my friend, but—I am marry already. My hosban', he come to us in tree month."

That is a week ago to-day. I am sitting in my library at this moment, looking at a little handkerchief I brought away with me that evening from my neighbor's house. It was wrong of me I know, but it is all I have, and to-morrow comes Joanna and dusting-day.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE ART OF DYING.

Le dernier acte de sa comédie, et sans doute le plus difficile. — MONTAIGNE.

"TO-DAY kings, to-morrow beggars; it is only when they are themselves that they are nothing," says Hazlitt of actors. "To-day kings, to-morrow beggars; it is only when they are nothing that they are themselves," might be said of the actors upon a wider stage. "Thank God, this is real," exclaimed some one when brought face to face with death. It was a significant acknowledgment of that attribute of the great enemy which he not only possesses but in a manner forces upon his victims.

More unreality goes to make up life than one altogether likes to confess. Men and women—perhaps more women—go through it in a pose, or in a variety of poses, assumed as caprice moves them—kings, beggars, stoics, jesters—what you will. Sometimes accident decides the costume, sometimes choice; the part is adopted, the world accepts the convention, till, like children taken in by their own make-believe, the players end by associating themselves with their disguises, in the same way as the actor who had played the devil all his life grew incapable of performing any other part. "What character have you selected?" would be an apt enough question, were we dwellers in a palace of truth, to put to most of our acquaintances. Not that of the devil, let us hope!

After all, a man has a right to the choice of his own clothes; it was only our first parents in Paradise who could afford to do without them altogether and to go as God made them. But there are, nevertheless, moments when

most people weary of looking on at the never-ending masque; of pretending to believe in the tinsel crown and the conventional rags; they find it impossible to be moved any longer by the gilded sceptre to a semblance of awe or reverence, and Lazarus's painted sores cease to excite the pleasing emotion of pity. Like the little prince for whose entertainment all the arts of ingenious contrivance had been exhausted, they turn from the handsome mechanical puppets and ask, for God's sake, to be indulged with a few mud pies—a little undoctored human nature!

It is not that a pose is without an interest of its own, and that a distinct though a secondary one. You look to see whether the part has been well selected, whether it is adroitly sustained, whether the make-up is good; you feel a certain curiosity as to the skill and consistency of the representation. But without detracting from the interest attaching to such a performance, it will scarcely be denied that it is inferior to that afforded by the sight of human nature with the mask off, and that it is those moments when the man himself appears to give the disguise the lie which are most worth looking out for. And if ever such moments are to be found, it is surely at the approach of death. No attitude should be more characteristic, as certainly none is more interesting, than the attitude in which men set themselves to meet the rider on the pale horse.

It seems impossible to predict it beforehand. You may form a conjecture as to how a man is likely to conduct himself in most of the conjunctures of life—how he will make love, or marry, or meet ruin and disgrace; and though your forecast may not be altogether infallible, it is often enough borne out in the main by the event. But death is a different matter. It is the occasion *par excellence* when a man is himself. In other crises of life he sets himself to act up to the character he has assumed; the king remembers the blood-royal of his selection; the beggar adheres to his rags; the sham stoic

retains his pasteboard armor of philosophy; and, though there may be times when his jests, like Lamb's, "scald like tears," the jester pursues his chosen buffoonery. But in this ultimate crisis he acts, unless in exceptional cases, as nature bids him. Few men find it worth while to attitudinize upon a deathbed. Nothing there is to be gained by enacting a part. Death is the one event which, so far as this world is concerned, has no afterwards, except that afterwards which belongs to the immaterial and shadowy abstraction which we call posterity. In every other situation it is ten to one that, consciously or unconsciously, a man is influenced by public opinion, by the sense of spectators who look on and judge, and will pronounce their judgments; he cannot choose but remember to-morrow. But to death there is no to-morrow; there the issue is simple and direct, and men perforce deal with it simply. The verdict of posterity, of which we are so fond of talking—when we consider it likely to be in our own favor—is after all of most importance to posterity itself. When one is secure of being out of hearing, it is astonishing how much the significance of a pronouncement is minimized, and most people, however sensitive, can afford to disregard it.

There are, of course, exceptions—men who die as they have lived, to an audience. Circumstances may almost compel them to the attitude; there may be some quality inherent in themselves which renders it impossible for them to ignore the lookers-on; or the man may have become by long habit so interpenetrated and informed by his part that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Those who have died upon the scaffold are, perhaps, the most striking instances of this. Take, almost at random, the accounts of the deaths of Lord Capell, the Royalist, and of Bishop Fisher, the Catholic ecclesiastic, and without in any degree detracting from the genuineness and reality of the spirit which animated them, it is impossible not to recognize in the last scenes of their

lives signal examples, noble and pathetic, of parts played out. In each case the cause for which the victim suffered dignified in his eyes every trivial detail, and converted death itself from a private into a public concern, to be conducted with due regard to solemnity and decorum.

"On his way to the scaffold," recounts Lord Capell's biographer, "he put his hat off to the people on both sides, looking very austere about him," and, arrived at the place of execution, was careful to inquire whether those who had preceded him there had made their dying speeches uncovered or no, before, receiving for answer that "they were bare," he gave his hat to his servant and proceeded with his address to the crowd. A curious pre-occupation this of the etiquette of dying to have possession of a man in the very face of the end! And almost as strange seems the anxiety with which he proceeds to define his exact position in relation to religion.

"Truly," he says, "I am a Protestant, and very much in love with the profession of it, after the manner as it was established in England by the Thirty-nine Articles, a blessed way of profession, and such an one as truly I never knew none so good." It is something to be remembered to the credit of the Thirty-nine, now so much fallen into disrepute, that Lord Capell, in his hour of extremity, could declare himself "in love" with them.

The record of Bishop Fisher's end is yet more striking, and so minute that one seems to stand by and watch the feeble old man preparing for execution with "such a cheerful countenance, such a stout and constant courage, and such a reverend gravity that he appeared to all men not only void of fear but also glad of death." Being awakened in the early morning with the announcement that he was to suffer that forenoon, "Well," quoth the bishop, "if this be your errand you bring to me no great news, for I have looked long for this message, and I most humbly thank his Majesty that it pleaseth him to rid me of all this

worldly business. Yet let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very ill this night, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness." After which he slept soundly for two hours or more, when awakening, he called his servant to help him up;

but first commanded him to take away his shirt of hair (which customably he wore) and to convey it privily out of the house; and instead thereof to lay him forth a clean white shirt and all the best apparel he had, as cleanly brushed as might be. . . . "Dost thou not mark (said he) that this is our marriage day, and that it behoves us, therefore, to use more cleanliness for solemnity thereof?"

And so to the close, when, as he was mounting the stairs to the scaffold, "the south-east sun shone very brightly in his face, whereupon he said to himself these words, lifting up his hands: 'Accedite ad eum, et illuminamini, et facies vestræ non confundentur.' " A picture cheerful almost to gaiety this of the old man, "lean and slender," standing arrayed "in all the best apparel he had," with the sunlight on his face—a picture perhaps more effective for his cause than all the sermons and controversial treatises, "mostly against the doctrines of Luther," which he left behind him.

Something, no doubt, there was in the spirit of the age which specially inclined men to die dramatically. There is a fashion in this business, as in everything else, and unconsciously men conform to it. In more modern times it has grown to be less of an objective matter; people are too much occupied with the thing itself to have much attention to spare for the look of it. But in these earlier days there mingled with their deadly earnest a certain gallant light-heartedness, a capacity for taking an outside view of things, of which later times seem to have forgotten the trick.

"Methinks," said the seventh Earl of Derby as, the night preceding his execution, he laid him down upon the right side with his hand under his face, "methinks I

lie like a monument in a church, and to-morrow I shall really be so."

And again —

"There is a great difference between you and me now," he said the next morning to the friend who, with a brisk wind blowing and roughening the Channel, was to bear the news of his death to the Isle of Man, "for I know where I shall rest this night."

It would be easy to multiply instances. How, for example, would it have been possible to sum up with more tragic completeness the spirit of Sarsfield's life than when, dying on the battlefield of Landen, he caught in his hand the life-blood trickling from his wound with the exclamation, "Oh that this had been for Ireland!"

Sir John Eliot, the sturdy champion of constitutional liberty, left to die of disease in his prison, was no whit behind his Royalist antagonists, not only in enthusiasm for the cause in which he suffered, but in his determination to leave to those who should come after him a monument of his principles. "Brought low in body, yet as high and lofty in mind as ever" — the words are not used in praise, but in a quite opposite sense, by the Lord Justice Richardson, who detained him in prison — and feeling his end near, he sent for a painter to come to him in the Tower, in order that a portrait of himself, changed and wasted by long captivity, might remain to his family "as a perpetual memorial of his hatred of tyranny."

"A memorial of hatred." Hatred, like love, is strong in death. "Then I may live to meet the French again," was Lord Collingwood's involuntary expression of the old implacable hostility, when on the very day before he died his exhausted strength made a temporary rally. It was the last flicker of the old fighting spirit. A few hours later, asked whether the motion of the vessel disturbed him, he answered that he was in a state in which "nothing in this world can disturb me more;" and so presently passed away.

It is curious, one may observe, to note the inadequacy of the objects for which men would seem to wish to pro-

long their days. Collingwood, as his epitaph informs us, "a pious, just, and exemplary man," would have liked to have another blow at the French; Lord Peterborough, Pope's contemporary, desired to live in order "to give that rascal [Bishop Burnet] the lie in half his history" — an aspiration of which he proved the sincerity by carrying with him the volumes, carefully marked, when, already believed to be dying, he went to Lisbon. And Bentley, making up his mind to reach the age of eighty, and no further, observed that "it was an age long enough to read everything worth reading."

The death of Mirabeau, at home in his own house, out of sight of the multitudes who were awaiting the end, betrays as unmistakable a consciousness of spectators as that of Lord Capell or of Bishop Fisher facing the mob from the scaffold, and a consciousness emphasized in his case by the indomitable vanity which, distinguishing him in life, remained undiminished in death. Capell and Fisher had identified themselves with their causes — Mirabeau identified his cause with himself. The cause of Mirabeau was Mirabeau. "Soutiens," he orders his servant, "soutiens cette tête, la plus forte de la France." "I shall die to-day," he said to his friend and doctor. "When one has reached that point there only remains one thing to be done — to perfume oneself, to crown oneself with flowers, to surround oneself with music, in order to enter more pleasantly upon that sleep from which one awakens no more." Music, perfume, flowers — a triumphal procession, in fact, to the grave! The considerations which affect the imagination are curiously various, and each would probably be incomprehensible to other minds.

Oh, 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so!

cries poor Tom Davis, concluding his picture of an open-air, hillside grave, with the drip of wetted trees near it, and the dew trickling down through the matted roots of the grass.

With Mirabeau, at least, all was figure of speech, the natural language of the orator, addressed to the unseen audience and intended possibly to impose upon himself as well as upon others. We hear of no perfume, no music, no flowers; and presently figures of speech are forgotten, and in the extremity of mortal agony the man replaces the actor, as he breaks into reproaches against the physicians who will not put him out of his pain. "Is it possible," he writes when incapable of speech, "to allow one's friend to die upon the wheel?" And his last words are of upbraiding. "Do you wish me," he cries bitterly, "to carry away the regret for having given you my confidence?"

Did Carlyle, in the patient stoicism of his own last days, call to mind the passionate appeal of Mirabeau, when he, too, was forced to recognize the impotence of science to ease, except by hastening his passage hence? "For me," he told his doctor, "you can do nothing. The only thing you could do you must not do—that is, help one to make an end of this. We must just go on as we are."

The last speech recorded of the old philosopher is very pathetic. "Is it not strange," he asked wanderingly, "that *those people* should have chosen the very oldest man in all Britain to make suffer in this way?" adding, however, characteristically, when the answer had been made that it was possible there existed reasons at which we cannot guess, "Yes, it would be rash to say that they have no reasons."

It is possible that the examination of the manner in which men have confronted death may owe something of its interest to an unconscious desire to assure oneself that our common humanity is not so poor a thing as some people would make it out, and to obtain some guarantee of our own conduct in like case. It is the only assurance we can get. Death is a matter which admits of no rehearsal. "On n'a pas d'antécédent pour cela," says Amiel. "Il faut improviser—c'est donc si difficile." To find, therefore,

that the improvisation has generally been well managed is encouraging; although it is a wonder at what a distance most people feel from this commonplace and every-day matter of dying, so that when an old man, tottering towards the grave with his children and grandchildren around him, makes a shy and fugitive allusion to his shortening tether, one instinctively recognizes it as a perfunctory concession to conventional superstition, and is not surprised to find him the next moment arranging as cheerfully for the future as if he were a lad of twenty. It was Henry Crabb Robinson who, declining at the age of eighty the proffered assistance, declared that he looked upon every man who offered to help him on with his coat as his mortal enemy.

At such moments, however, as we yield a reluctant assent to the doctrine of the inevitableness of death, it may be some satisfaction to find that, judging by precedent, there is a fair likelihood of its being met with a decent show of courage, and it is an indisputable fact that human nature has on the whole come successfully out of this particular test, not only on the occasions—like most of those already cited—when all the world was there to see, but also when the end has had to be encountered without the stimulus of publicity, and where the necessity of waiting, helpless, for the approach of an indefinite doom may well have been the more searching, as well as the commoner ordeal of the two. To a nature, for example, like that of Emily Brontë, watching in the tragic silence of despair for the end, who can doubt that death, swift and sure, upon the scaffold, would have been the easier alternative of the two?

Sir Walter Scott, too—his was a dying that might have tried the courage of any man, lasting as it did over more than two years, a hand-to-hand struggle not only with sickness but with calamity. Yet how gallantly was it maintained! Calculating, according to family precedent, his chances of life, he had entered the result in his diary seven years before. "Square

the odds," the entry runs, "and good-night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not if I leave my name unstained and my family property settled. *Sat est vizisse.*" But there is no making conditions with fate. Death came a year later than he had reckoned upon, but ruin had come first, and the necessity of laboring on, with enfeebled brain and failing powers, not for himself or for his family, but for his creditors. "God knows," he writes nearly a year and a half before his release, "God knows I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel, I think, leaky into the bargain. . . . I often wish," he adds, "I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can."

He did fight it out, manfully and well, like a man who feels he has no right to die till his work is done. But the time comes when fighting grows impossible. A strong man dies hard. The struggle is apparent when, on the day it had become certain that the battle was over, he turned to those present, rallying his courage and his pride. "Friends," he said, "don't let me expose myself" — the tears had forced their way as the pen his fingers refused to hold fell from his hand, and again when later he had told his old servant that there would be no more repose for Sir Walter but in the grave — "don't let me expose myself; get me to bed — that is the only place."

His submission was made; he never left his room again.

There is another reason, over and above the more purely selfish one which consists in the desire to obtain a personal guarantee, which lends interest to this inquiry; and that is the light thrown by death upon what has preceded it. If you want to get the keynote to a life it is here that you should seek it. "*C'est le maitre jour,*" says Montaigne, "*c'est le jour juge de tous les autres.*" It may sound like a paradox, but to be rightly understood a biography should be prefaced by its last page.

Regarded in this light, and human nature being as various as it is, it is no more than we should expect to find

that the fashion in which men die is equally various. It is true that Mr. Myers has declared that, in the same way as all healthy infancy is alike, so all good men meet death with the same thoughts — an assertion surely strangely at issue with the facts. How, indeed, could it be so? "As a man lives so he shall die." Men do not live alike — why should they die alike? Why, take the death of Wordsworth himself, in whose biography the passage occurs, and compare it with those of other "good men" — with that, for example, of Samuel Johnson — and what contrast can be sharper than that of the homely peacefulness of the atmosphere of quiet anticipation which surrounds the one, compared with the fear of death and the terror of hell which oppressed the other. "Is that Dora?" asked the old poet placidly, as the door opened, naming the dead daughter he was daily expecting to rejoin. "What do you mean by damned?" was the soothing question of the temporizing divine to whom Dr. Johnson had expressed his haunting fears. "Sent to hell and punished everlastingly," was the grim and uncompromising definition of the dying lexicographer.

Yet even Johnson, for all his horror of death — "death, my dear, is very dreadful," he had written not long before his own — even he accepted the inevitable at last, met it with fortitude and with the courage only possible to those who are afraid, and was able to find satisfaction in the thought that his body would rest in Westminster Abbey.

The fact is that, vary as they may, it is rare to find a deathbed destitute of dignity. The extremity of the crisis, if nothing else, forces the victim to play the man and strips him of those trappings and pretences which alone vulgarize human nature. A vulgar moribund! The idea is just conceivable, but surely not more. "I always made an awkward bow," writes poor Keats, concluding his last letter to a friend, and apologizing beforehand, as one cannot but think, for the possible deficiencies of another and more final

leave-taking. But he need not have been afraid; he was equal to the occasion when it came. It is not death but life which is the tragedy here. Death was simply "the giving over of a game which must be lost." Like one of Ford's characters he might have said:—

Welcome, thou ice which sitt'st about my heart;
No heat can ever thaw thee.

"The hope of death," writes Severn, "seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have." And when the end comes, it is he who sets himself to reassure his friend. "Don't be frightened," are his last words; "be firm and thank God it has come."

A recent article throws a curious sidelight upon Keats's protracted agony, and upon the silence he preserved throughout it with regard to the absorbing passion which held for him the whole meaning and significance of life. That human friendship is but a poor makeshift after all is the reflection forced upon one by the picture of the two, apparently so close that each could have counted the heart-beats of the other, yet divided by a gulf as deep as that which separated Dives from Lazarus.

Of another poet scarcely more than a sentence has been preserved to tell us how he died, yet that sentence is sufficient to give the distinctive note of gentle bitterness. Dying for lack of bread in King Street, Spenser, we are told, "refused twenty pieces sent him by my Lord of Essex, saying that he had no time to spend them."

As an illustration of how a man's last hour may strike the keynote of his character, and sum up his life, John of Barneveld may serve. A lawyer by profession and temperament, and condemned to death by an authority he does not recognize, he is clearly not so much disturbed by the sentence itself as by its unconstitutional nature. "I am ready enough to die," he explains, surely with a touch of irritation, to the three ministers of religion who would

have desired to limit the conversation to spiritual matters, "but I cannot comprehend *why* I am to die. I have done nothing except in obedience to the laws and privileges of the land, and according to my oath, honor, and conscience. These judges . . . have no right to sit in judgment upon me." And again and again the complaint recurs. "I am ready to die," he repeats, "but I cannot comprehend *why* I must die." If only he was satisfied of the reason, well and good, but that the highest legal officer of the States-General should be done to death unconstitutionally, there is the rub. Presently, however, he finds strictly professional comfort in the reflection that he is to be transferred to a higher court, upon which he can depend to reverse the decree by which he has been condemned. "I console myself in the Lord my God, who knows all hearts, and shall judge all men. God," he adds with something like triumph, "God is just."

And so, argumentative, controversial, perhaps a trifle dictatorial, in animated discussion on matters political and religious, the old lawyer passes his last hours. "Had there been ten clergymen," the sentry observed to his servant, "your master would have had enough to say to all of them." Briskly, almost cheerfully, though resenting the injustice of the thing, he goes to execution, a little bustling, a little fussy—"Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?" he demands upon the scaffold—a lawyer to the last, prepared to plead his cause at the eternal bar and secure at that tribunal of success; a triumph of middle-class fortitude and self-respect. "May my last end be like his," might be the prayer of the legal profession.

Other men die less pleasantly in character.

I paid Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit [says Pope] but two days before he died, and I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He was lying in his bed and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in respect to himself and the

memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster. A memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it.

It is said that the moral sense is absent from dreams. However that may be, the ruling passion is strong in them. There is a dream of Sir Godfrey's preserved by Pope, which, from its curious harmony with the deathbed scene described above as well as on account of its broad humor, I cannot refrain from quoting at length.

I dreamed I was dead [said the painter]. . . . Before me I saw a door and a great number of people about it. . . . As I drew nearer I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some other of the Apostles. They were admitting the people as they came next the door. . . . As the first after my coming up approached for admittance, St. Peter asked his name, and then his religion. "I am a Roman Catholic," replied the spirit. "Go in then," says St. Peter, "and sit down in those seats on the right hand." The next was a Presbyterian; he was admitted too after the usual questions, and ordered to sit down on the seat opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke (who was standing just by) turned towards me, and said with a great deal of earnestness, "What, the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller of England?" "The very same, sir," says I, "at your service." On this St. Luke . . . embraced me and made me a great many compliments on the art we both of us had followed in this world; and entered so far into the subject that he seemed almost to have forgot the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey, I was so much taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But apropos; pray, sir, what religion may you be of?" "Why truly, sir," says I, "I am of no religion." "Oh, sir," says he, "you will be so good then as to go in and take your seat where you please."

Whether the dream were in truth Kneller's, or whether it were an example of Pope's own inventive faculty, it is an appropriate enough commen-

tary upon the real deathbed, and the painter upon it wrapped in the contemplation of his design for his own monument.

Pope's own end was of a different type, decorous, self-respecting, unemotional, and conducted with due regard to what might properly be expected of him. When a friend, we are told, inquired whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether a priest should not be sent for, "I do not suppose that it is essential," he replied politely, "but it will be very right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."

The very spirit of indifferentism breathes in the courteous acquiescence in the forms of religious observance, yet, looked at in another light, there is something of a matter-of-fact unpicturesque heroism in the unostentatious composure which accepts death as tranquilly as if it were an every-day occurrence. It is indeed a curious fact that men seem to step out with equal courage, though less lightness of heart, into the darkness as into the light. One remembers in this connection John Sterling's last letter to Carlyle. "I tread the common road," he says, "into the great darkness, without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. . . . It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part as sad as it seems to the standers-by." Had death struck him down in those earlier years when, full of the certainty of faith, he was, according to Carlyle, "rushing forward like a host towards victory, playing and pulsing like sunshine or soft lighting," he could not have met it more gallantly. Or, to cite another instance, what farewell to life could be more cheerful, contented, and satisfied than that contained in what David Hume called his own funeral oration?

Ten years before Sterling went out "into the great darkness" Samuel Taylor Coleridge, at whose feet he had once sat, learning that the Church to whose service he was then vowed was not dead but only "tragically asleep," had passed away. Mystic, dreamer,

and philosopher, there was nevertheless a definiteness about his religious faith which takes one by surprise, till one remembers that it was a time when Wordsworth paused upon the stairs to say, "with an emphasis which seemed to proceed from the very profoundest recesses of his soul, 'I would lay down my life for the Church!'" — for the Church, that is, which, earlier in the letter from which the quotation is taken, Mrs. Henry Coleridge had described as "our dear, excellent, venerable Church establishment." The days when men felt enthusiasm for "establishments," as such, are gone by; but Coleridge shared it. "When he knew that his time was come," says his daughter, "he said he hoped by the manner of his death to testify the sincerity of his faith; and hoped that all who had heard of his name would know that he died in that of the English Church."

In contradistinction both to Pope's eighteenth-century deference to conventional decorum, even in the matter of dying, and to the serene confidence of Coleridge, who out of the unpromising material of a State religion could contrive to construct a temple dedicated to his own mystic worship, it is curious to look back for a moment to the time, not a hundred years before Pope's death, when England had been turned into one vast Methodist chapel, and when the spectacle was possible of a whole regiment in the very heat of battle falling upon its knees in response to the appeal of a single dying soldier. "Love not the world," exclaims Oliver Cromwell as his wife and children stand about his deathbed; and again, in reiterated entreaty, "I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world!" This poor, much-abused world! One would imagine that Puritan discipline and Calvinist austerity had left little enough in it for any one to love, but the dying man probably knew better. The walls of a lifelong home, even when they are bare and whitewashed, are dear to the traveller who is taking his last look at them, and his own present experience

may have lent the vehemence to this last warning.

Of all the incidents which have been preserved concerning Cromwell's death there is one which stands unique in its pathos and in the light it seems to throw upon the inner life of the great Puritan. As the end drew near, we are told, haunted by dread of eternal damnation, he turned to the minister who was attending him with the inquiry whether it was possible that one who had ever been in a state of grace should fall from it. The Calvinist, true to his creed, answered in the negative. "Then," said the dying man, "I am safe; for *I am sure that once I was in a state of grace.*" Once! When was it, one wonders? What had risen before his eyes in that last hour, a pledge and guarantee of salvation? Was it some day — perhaps only some hour — in the distant past, in those unrecorded early years during which his passage through the Red Sea had taken place, when the light from God, afterwards darkened or dimmed by care and ambition and bloodshed, had first illuminated his path? Had he, in his extremity, by an effort of memory, recaptured that lost certitude and clung to it in his supreme need as an assurance of safety? And at how many obscurer deathbeds is the incident repeated? How many souls, world-worn, and with the springs of hope and faith long since dried up within them, may have clung at the last to the remembrance of some day long gone by — some hour misted over by the years which lie between, but which yet has power in their supreme necessity to assure them that God is good, and salvation — whatever the word may signify to them — possible, and that they themselves are made for something more than that which has found fulfilment here, so that failure itself is in some sort a pledge of ultimate success. It would be curious could each man's talisman, sacred or secular, be set side by side, each differing from the other, yet each performing the same function towards the soul in its hour of mortal need.

Among the surprises which meet us in this inquiry, and perhaps one of the chiefest, is the unimportance of the influence apparently exercised by surroundings upon those called upon to leave them. One would imagine beforehand that they would have everything to do with it. It is natural enough to find one with regard to whom the utmost ingenuity of man seems to have been exhausted in order to make life unendurable content to part with it, and to begin his experiment over again elsewhere. When we read, for instance, of the poor young Jesuit poet, Southwell, who had been put to the torture on thirteen several occasions, and had passed the concluding years of his short, heroic life in Queen Elizabeth's hospitable dungeons — when we read that the refrain of his doctrine consisted in the recurrent maxim that "life is but loss," we recognize in it an almost inevitable deduction from personal experience, and it does not astonish us to find him, at the last, willing and eager to exchange his prison for the splendors of the New Jerusalem, even though the passage thither lay through Tyburn, and the headsman stood as porter at the golden gates. But it is a different matter when we discover, as we so often do, that it is just those who have been the most honored guests at the banquet who appear readiest at the first summons to rise and, without a backward glance, to quit it; and that it is such as have in the fullest sense lived who are the most willing to part with life.

I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

The explanation may possibly lie in the fact that it is an easier matter to leave a world whose resources have been exploited to the utmost, than one still full of untested possibilities. Forecasts, too, are largely ruled by experience. "Experience," says St. Paul, generalizing, as people usually do, from his own, "worketh hope." A successful man expects success; while the habit of failure is a pledge and prophecy of its continuance. When

Cowper, to the inquiry of his physician how he felt, replied, "Feel! I feel unutterable despair," it was, of course, the expression of a mind diseased; but had it been otherwise it would have been natural enough that, having found life such a terrible affair, he should have been unable to bring himself to expect anything better from death, and that when a well-meaning friend sought to comfort him with the hope of happiness in a future world, he should have interrupted him with passionate entreaties for silence.

Two or three years before young Southwell's execution Lorenzo de' Medici, scarcely above middle age, at the height of his reputation, and in the full enjoyment of those gifts which nature and fortune had vied with each other in showering upon him, had quitted the scene of his unrivalled successes with a composure almost amounting to nonchalance. To assert that he died as he had lived, a philosopher, and carrying out his own maxims to the last, may describe but does not explain the matter. The strange thing is that such a philosophy, brought to the test, can stand its ground. The Medici family were, it is true, good at dying. One remembers old Cosmo, Lorenzo's grandfather — the same who, with a fine sense of the picturesque, uncovering his hoary head in the presence of the Venetian envoys, told them that it should not be long before the hair of those who sent them was likewise whitened — one remembers him answering with grim brevity to the inquiry why he closed his eyes. "That I may accustom them to it;" and something of the same spirit, touched with humor, is discernible in Lorenzo's own reply when asked how he liked his food: "As a dying man always does," was the answer. In his response to Savonarola's last exhortation, too, we cannot help suspecting a desire to outdo his old antagonist at the last on his own ground. The priest had reminded him that death must be met with fortitude. "With cheerfulness," corrected the moribund, "if such is the will of God." The sequel proved his

words to have been no empty boast. "To judge from his conduct and that of his servants," says Politiano, giving an account of the end, "you would have thought that it was they who momentarily expected that fate from which he only appeared to be exempt." The solitary regret expressed by him—one of those curious irrelevant regrets so inadequate to the occasion, and which may be placed beside Collingwood's desire to try another fall with the French, and Peterborough's to prove Burnet a liar—was that he had not lived long enough to complete the public library. The triviality of the reason for which he would have wished his life prolonged is the measure of his indifference to death.

Another contemporary magnate—this time an ecclesiastic—furnishes a second example of the same kind. Pope Sixtus the Fifth—the pope to whom the ex-Huguenot Henry of Navarre paid his damning tribute of praise, "I have lost a pope after my own heart"—quitted the world, likewise in the height of his power and with every ambition gratified, with as cheerful an unconcern as if he left behind him as little to regret as that young poet subaltern of his who was at that moment lying in his English prison. "A prince should die standing;" he was fond of quoting *Vespasian's* maxim, and he carried it out. Sixtus had done good work and plenty of it, and had no doubt taken pleasure in his labors. Rome, under his auspices, had become so blameless that the post of judge had grown to be a sinecure. He had, in fact, given the imperial city no alternative. Sixtus was a masterful man. A "taylor" guilty of boxing the ears of "another person of the same occupation" was sent to the galleys for it—so strict was the decorum maintained. "If I thought the people would relapse after I was dead, I would hang them all whilst I am alive," he is reported to have declared in his business-like, practical way. He had filled the public coffers, had not neglected his duty to his own family, and, especially since

his elevation to the papacy, had made an enjoyable affair of life. And yet—here comes in the anomaly—the bell rings, the train stops, and he is as ready to take his journey into the unknown country as any starving beggar in the streets, with nothing to lose and everything to gain. We cannot even feel that in his case it is a very serious matter. He sends for the physicians as his mortal malady gains upon him, but more with a view to the interest and amusement to be derived from their discussions than for any practical purpose, for we find him making a joke of their consultations, and for the rest taking his own way and leading his life as usual, until one evening towards dusk he quietly closes his accounts with life and takes his way hence.

There are, of course, innumerable other examples—a cloud of witnesses—whose names will rise at once to the memory, some too familiar to be quoted here, others falling into the same categories as those which have been given, but almost all pointing to the same conclusion—namely, that courage in respect to death when it is near at hand is so general as to come near to being universal, a fact only accentuated by the sharpness with which exceptions, like that furnished by Robespierre, stand out in the memory.

To sum up. The fear of death in the abstract is a natural instinct, and, being natural, is doubtless a wholesome one. And this being so, a constant realization of it is scarcely to be desired. It is much to be questioned whether, to use the imagery of the hymn, the man to whose consciousness it was continually present that his tent was nightly pitched a day's march nearer to his grave would be a useful campaigner. But in point of fact there is no danger that it will be so. The story is told of a priest who, under sentence of death in days when the penalty was more common than now, obtained the privilege of preaching to his fellow-convicts in like case. It is a scene which is repeated in a thousand different places every Sunday morning, but it is a hundred to one that the situation does not

strike either preacher or people unpleasantly, and you will find each going home to dinner as cheerfully as if he carried a special exemption in his pocket. It is best so. Not to climb a hill till you come to it is a homely maxim; but it is astonishing how much, carried out, it simplifies life. You imagine it to be an alp that is barring your way, and when you reach the spot it turns out to be a gently rising ground from which you may view the surrounding country before making a fresh start. And so with death. Formidable as it appears from a distance, the more one looks into the subject the more certain it becomes that mankind, when brought to a practical acquaintance with it, have agreed in some blind way to recognize in the enemy whose approaches they have been so unremitting in their efforts to ward off something altogether different from the terrible and hostile force which they have been accustomed to consider it. "We fall on guard, and after all it is a friend who comes to meet us," and a friend bringing in his hands

Oblivion of tears,
Silence of passions, balm of angry sore,
Suspense of loves, security of fears,
Wrath's lenity, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore,
Sense's and soul's reprieve from all cumber,
Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers!

I. A. TAYLOR.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
WITH R. L. STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

Two miles of good road lead straight inland from the beach at Apia, and is followed by a few miles of track which winds up the mountains, and in many places resembles a dry watercourse more than anything else. It widens to several yards broad; it narrows to about two or three feet; it does everything a road can do to be fantastic; and when the rain falls in a short space it is a veritable torrent. This is the road that winds up through the forest

to Vailima, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Vailima takes its name from *vai* (water), *lima* (five)—as yet only four streams have been discovered; however, the name is pretty enough to excuse the discrepancy in numbers. This ideal island home in the heart of the mountain forest has been described so often by abler pens than mine that I need say but little here. On emerging from the dense forest the track leads on to a plateau and continues for a short distance between high hedges of limes laden with fruit. Soon a large wooden gate terminates the path and visitors catch their first glimpse of Vailima. The house is so situated that it can only be seen from shipboard, and when well to sea. Passing through the gate which is probably standing hospitably open; or, if not, a dusky-hued, merry-faced retainer, who has espied the strangers, rushes down with many leaps and bounds, and with a cordial *talofa*, throws it open. In a few minutes the completely cleared lawn is traversed and one is dismounting on the broad verandah which runs round two-thirds of the house. The house, with its blue walls and terracotta roof, is built of wood imported from America, for though in the midst of grand forest trees, the Samoans have not as yet begun to utilize what might be to them a source of wealth, and it will in all probability be left to some enterprising white man to start saw-mills and find out the real value and utility of the superabundance so lavishly provided by nature.

In the old section of the house there are no passages; all the rooms open with sliding doors on to the verandah; an outside staircase leads to an upper verandah from which a magnificent view is to be had. First, across the green lawn, then over the tops of feathery-branched palm-trees, tall *fua-fuas*, laden with pink blossoms, and dark-leaved bread-fruit-trees, and away beyond a great stretch of the blue Pacific—brilliant as sapphires and merging into turquoise where sky and ocean meet. From this verandah opens

the library, a delightful place, lined with books, and piles of them lying on the floor, the chairs, and tables. Things are certainly allowed to "occur" here; any attempt at order would be but coldly received. The only other room on this floor is a large apartment hung with *tapa* (native cloth), and many wonderful curios and reminiscences scattered about of our hostess's wanderings in the South Seas. This, during our visit, was used as a guest chamber, for it was the room allotted to us, when, after Christmas, we paid a long visit to Vailima. The new wing, which was completed while we were there, begins with a large hall panelled throughout with dark, polished wood, and a broad staircase leads out of it to the rooms above. The plantations of cacao, taro swamps, and banana groves, all stretch away in the clearings of the forest at the back of the house; where, also enclosed within wire fencing and high hedges, is the kitchen garden, planned and planted under Mrs. Stevenson's particular care and direction, and wherein among other things were tomatoes, and that most delicious of vegetables the egg-fruit, which here grew to perfection.

The upper verandah, which overlooked garden, plantations, and a wide stretch of forest, was an excellent point of vantage from which to watch the innumerable wild birds that came to feed on nutmegs and other tropical fruits. As day dawned and the light crept over mountain and forest, the *veha*, a little rail with mottled black and brown plumage, would emerge from the bushes and warily creep across the grass, picking up insects here and there, but on the slightest alarm would stand motionless or squat close to the ground—always near a brown leaf or a stone, and was then as invisible as our own ptarmigan under similar conditions. Then as the sun flashed his first beams on dew-laden tree and flower, the clear, liquid note of the *jao* (wattled honey-eater) was heard, and he and his mate might be seen busy among the blossoms of the

mummy apple, and the *tuia*, a dark-plumaged starling, joined in with mellow voice. Among the forest trees many species of doves flitted from branch to branch, their beautiful plumage—green, pink, white, purple, and grey—showing clearly against the sombre foliage. Later, as the sun grew more powerful, the *senga*, an exquisite little parakeet, with feathers of the gayest—green, blue, crimson, purple, and yellow—came chattering by in pairs, and might be seen clinging to the fruit-blossoms from which they sucked the nectar; and overhead the tropic birds, sailing in wide circles, their snowy plumage and long red tail feathers (the latter a distinguishing feature in the headdress of certain Samoan chiefs) showing distinctly against the blue sky.

Mr. Stevenson and his family receive their friends on the verandah, generally bare-footed, always bare-headed, and clad in loose garments suitable to the climate. A number of happy, guileless looking retainers clad in Stuart tartan lava-lavas, the Vailima livery, group themselves about, suitably filling in a picturesque background. Those were the "house boys," all characters and all good Samoans. There are a host of "outdoor boys" too, who work on the plantations and look after the horses and cows. They became visible from time to time, especially in the evening when Mrs. Stevenson's son and daughter and I used to play guitar, mandoline, and banjo. This fascinated the natives, and they appeared in twos and threes out of the darkness till there was quite a crowd sitting on the verandah keeping time to the music; and they always took care to encourage us with the most outrageous flattery of which they thoroughly appreciated the humor.

About the middle of November a *fête* was held at Vailima to celebrate the birthday of the poet and novelist, and it was characteristic of the host that the gathering consisted almost entirely of natives, very few white people being present. It had been a raging storm of wind and rain all day,

but towards evening the rain ceased and the wind fell; nevertheless it was fortunate that we had been invited to remain all night as the road was reduced to a deplorable condition. After a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, who were surrounded by native chiefs, their wives, etc., and a drink of kava, we were carried away to be suitably decorated for the feast. Ropes of many colored, sweet-smelling flowers were twisted round our necks and waists, and wreaths placed on our heads. Every one was decked out in like manner—our host wearing his wreath of white jessamine with grace and distinction as if to the manner born.

When all was ready there was some debate in the household as to the correct procedure, according to native courtesy, for the guests to go into the feast spread in a large native house which had just been completed. At last the intricacies of the Samoan etiquette were solved, and away we all trooped, Mr. Stevenson leading the way with his wife. Coming out of the darkness into the blaze of torchlight a quaintly fantastic sight met our eyes. A native house thatched with branches of cocoanut palms, layers of palm leaves on the floor, and those again covered by many finely woven tawny-colored mats. It was difficult to believe that the mass of coloring which lay from five to six feet wide on the ground and stretched from end to end of the house was the feast; and it was only when we had arranged ourselves cross-legged on mats and our eyes became accustomed to the light that we realized the gigantic quantity of food thus spread out. It was entirely a native banquet, everything cooked and eaten *fua Samoa* (à la Samoan!) and all the eatables laid on banana leaves. There were dozens of pigs varying in size from a rabbit to a sofa, the latter being the centre piece; quantities of chickens and ducks, every kind of native fruit and vegetable, and before each guest a leaf of large pink prawns which are plentiful in the waters from which Vailima takes its

name. Scattered about everywhere were clusters of scarlet and cream-colored hibiscus blossom, yellow allamanda, and fragrant sweet-scented ginger; the posts of the house even being decorated with hibiscus and frangipani with an art of which the Samoan is master.

After having enjoyed the prawns, and in the absence of serviettes, were wondering what was to happen next, we were quite reassured by the appearance of the boys, who knelt with a basin of water and napkin beside each guest. Then the feast proceeded right merrily. Every one talked, and the pretty vivacious native girls laughed at the ignorance displayed by the few strangers in their lack of knowledge of what was good to eat and how to do it, and they spared no pains in instructing them. It was our first acquaintance with the versatile taro. There was taro-root baked like potatoes, taro-root minced and beaten up with cocoanut milk, and palousame, a great delicacy, made from the taro leaves and cocoanut cream. Then a mysterious dish, or rather leaf, was handed round which the Europeans treated coldly, but which was received with marked distinction by the natives. It was a sad-colored filmy mass, and was considered a great treat, as it consisted of green worms (*palolo*), that appear in the sea at certain intervals according to the state of the moon. From time to time cocoanuts with the tops knocked off were presented, and we drank out of them and passed them on. At intervals fresh banana leaves were handed to the guests, and by the time the banquet was half completed it was found how unnecessary plates were, and there might not be a knife or fork in creation for all any one cared! As for French chefs—well, nobody ever enjoyed a dinner more than the strangers from far away “Peretania” appreciated the pleasure of being made welcome at such a delightful feast.

When every one had thoroughly enjoyed the island fare, a few appropriate speeches were made. A chief who sat at the foot of the, well—the board

—after proposing the health of *Tusitala* (the teller of stories), who replied in a few kindly words to his island friends, commenced the function of sending round the kava. He would make no mistake about the order in which it should be served. The large kava bowl was placed before him, and taking a small bowl of polished coconut, filled it with kava while he chanted in a loud voice to whom it was to be taken. It was to *Tusitala*, who clapped his hands while the servitor took it to him. Before drinking, he held up the basin, and looking towards his guests, said *Ia manuia!* (Here's to you!) — to which every one answered *Soi fua!* (May you live long!) Next it was passed to Mrs. Louis Stevenson, the same formula of *Ia manuia* and *Soi fua* always being repeated; then to Mrs. Stevenson, our host's mother, a clever, delightful old Scotch lady, who heartily toasted all present. Soon the chief shouted in Samoan it was for the "new great lady," and the cup was taken to my friend. Then he ordered the kava to be carried to *Matalanumotana*, and while we speculated as to who that could be, it was brought smilingly to me. On inquiring what that meant, it was translated as "the fair young stranger with blue eyes from over the seas!" and to the end of our sojourn in Samoa that name stuck to me, the smallest children rolling it out! When the kava had been served to every one, we returned to the verandah, while there were mysterious preparations among the natives, of which we were supposed to know nothing, for another surprise in honor of their loved *Tusitala*. The time was passed pleasantly chatting, and nearly every one smoking cigarettes.

At Vailima all are inveterate smokers, and all scorn to smoke anything but cigarettes made by themselves of their own American tobacco, and as Louis Stevenson remarked, "We are slaves to our own special brand." They had a terrible reminiscence of having run out of their tobacco for, I think, two days, while cruising on board their yacht the *Casco*. The beef

might "give out" or the flour might "give out," but — their tobacco!

As we sat there, every few minutes picturesque natives flitted across through the blackness, lighting their way with torches; all were smiling and excited with the important business on hand. When a deputation of natives announced that the arrangements were completed, we adjourned to another native house, smaller than the one in which the banquet was held. The ground was thickly strewn with mats, and at one side a raised platform was erected on which were about a dozen natives, all in very gala attire, their bodies polished and shining with coconut oil, and wearing wreaths and garlands of hibiscus blossom, their hair oiled and elaborately combed out. They sat in two rows — man and woman alternately — and behind sat some few who beat drums and chanted along with the principals in front. We all sat on the floor, the tobacco was passed round, and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of witnessing the *siva* or native dance. They chanted extempore verses concerning all present, swaying their supple bodies to the rhythm, moving their hands and arms in lithe fantastic movements, now fast, now slow, and as far as possible illustrating by their actions the bulk of the songs. When the first part was over they rose, and the principal actors separately went through whole scenes in pantomime illustrative of playing a long game of cricket, rowing, and suffering the pangs of starvation. This latter was realistically portrayed, and, finally, when the sufferer was fortunate enough to procure food (a banana) he was so far gone that he could not eat. The idea was cleverly carried out.

When the performance was ended — at least, when *Tusitala* suggested it was — for the Samoans would have continued with repetitions for hours longer — we gave the actors a hearty cheer, and, shaking hands with each one, thanked them cordially for their pains. Then we picked our way through the dew-laden grass to Vailima, and the horses were brought round. There

was much kicking and plunging, for most of these island horses appear to have a most deep-rooted prejudice against their neighbors' steeds, and there is generally a struggle to get at each other, obviously to have it out there and then and the matter settled.

It was an animated and picturesque scene: dozens of slim, wiry horses—for most of the people had brought servants who rode also—gaily clad natives flitting hither and thither, and the fitful glare from the torches throwing fantastic lights and shadows over all. After much excitement and no little merriment and a good stirrup-cup, all were mounted, and one by one trotted out into the night—from whence shouts of good-night, *To fua, Soi fua*, came ringing back. The Samoan guests were soon out of ear-shot, but it was some little time before the voices of the officers of an English warship—two or three of whom had been present at the *fête*—died away. It was their first visit to Vailima, and they evidently experienced great diffi-

culty in following the track in the intense darkness. Scraps of conversation of the following description were heard:—

"Say, old man, where are you?"

"Oh, I don't know! Where are you?"

"Heaven knows! but my brute seems to know where every tree with prickles exists on the island."

However, after a little forcible and authoritative language concerning thorn-trees and island-horses in general, all was silence. So we returned to the dining-room, where our wreaths were doffed, and after talking over the events of the evening, we suddenly discovered how tired and sleepy we all were; so, bidding one another good-night, we each drifted off with a lantern to our mats and mosquito nets.

But what a delightful recollection the forty-second birthday party of our brilliant author will always be to the few who had the good fortune to be present!

THE SOCIAL BORE.—Ours is an age of universal toleration; the vicious and the saint, the agnostic and the fanatic, have all a social welcome extended to them, and an itching ear is always at their service, so long as they are amusing, but no longer. Society has but one terror, but it is one which dogs its steps through the day and far into the night; it is a fear before which the stoutest heart fails, and the man who has fled from any company, if questioned as to the reasons for his flight, has only to offer one excuse, and his offence is at once condoned. He has but to say that he was bored, or feared that he might be bored, or that he knew an army of bores awaited him in those regions to which his steps were for the moment ordered, and only the eccentric or the imbecile question the propriety or the necessity for his precipitate retreat. If we are asked as to whether this state of things is a wholesome one, showing that society is in a healthy and regenerate state, we can confidently affirm that the attitude is one of grace, and is not

necessarily contrary to Christian doctrine and practice. If there is an injunction to turn the other cheek to the smiter, there is no command to present either ear for the use of that enemy of mankind, the social bore. But there is a command that a check should be kept on the unruly member, and it is certainly a Christian act to assist the unhappy owner to control this member by giving him nothing to exercise it upon. Further we are told to live at peace with all men, and to cultivate bores is to feel out of charity with the whole world. Sometimes one bore will frequent the society of another, whose tiresomeness, differing from his own, he is quite able to perceive, but whose intimacy he cultivates because he finds that by listening to his diffuse discourses he receives a similar kindness for himself. These natural selections should not be interfered with; bores should by a gentle process of weeding out be placed together, and should be encouraged to bore each other, for that is usually not their ideal of amusement.

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